

WOLSNIWANOZIRA



VOLUME
II

Navajo-Apache Bank & Trust Company

WINSLOW

ST. JOHNS

HOLBROOK

Resources—Over a Half Million

W. H. BURBAGE, President

R. C. KAUFMAN, Cashier

F. W. NELSON, Vice-President

L. C. HENNING, Assistant Cashier

ABEL ORTEGA, Assistant Cashier

*Our facilities for handling Banking and Trust Business
throughout Navajo and Apache Counties are unequalled*

Commercial and Savings Accounts Solicited

5% Interest paid on Savings Accounts

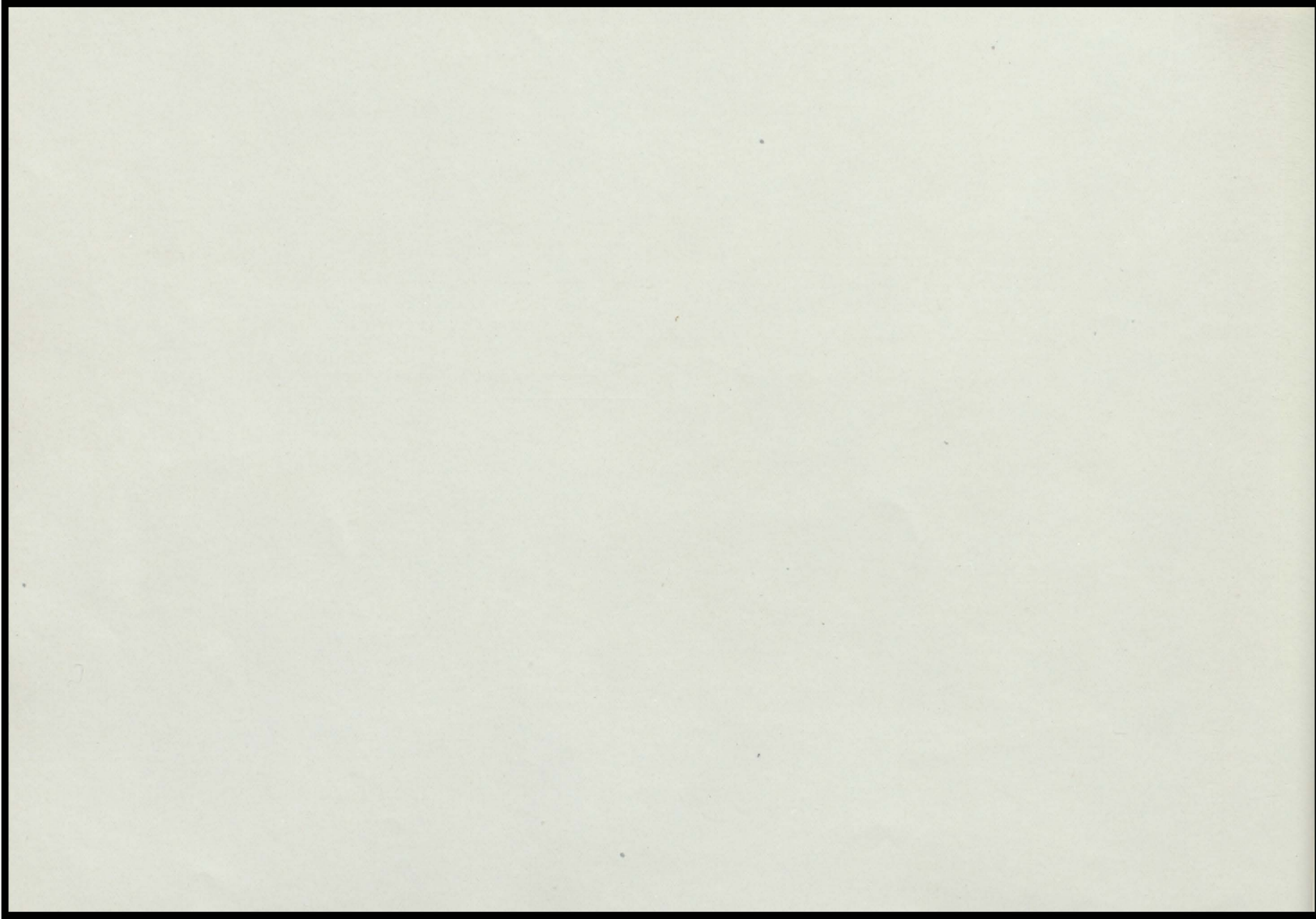
WITHOUT THE CO-OPERATION AND AID OF THE FOLLOWING
BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF WINSLOW, THIS BOOK
WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN EDITED. WE ASK YOU TO READ
THEIR ADVERTISEMENTS CAREFULLY AND PATRONIZE THEM



GEORGE C. RICKEL
H. B. TAKKEN
A. E. GILLARD
W. H. DAGG
CHAS. CAHN
CHAS. DAZE
W. E. BECK
P. B. KIDDCO
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NICK DOVAS
MRS. J. X. WOODS
THOMAS K. SEEGER



WOLSNIWANOZIRA

VOL. II

PUBLISHED BY

THE

CLASS OF 1915

THE STAFF SIGNATURES

Gelex Trammage
Ralph E. Weber

Gladys B. Fouts

May Proctor

Marguerite Day

Alma V. Norman.

William Wright

Adolph C. Weber.

Jesse Butner.

Louise C. Fady



IN PRESENTING this, the second edition of Wolsniwanozira to the citizens of Winslow and to the world at large, we say that it is our best work and one of which we are proud. Herein you will find a revue of our activities of the past year, and some few predictions of the year to come. Gentle reader, when you cast your eyes upon the countenances of the faculty and student body, can you wonder that this book is such a masterpiece? In concluding this Foreword, we ask you to keep your criticism to yourself and to air your words of praise to the world at large.

THE STAFF.

TO THE MEMORY
OF OUR BELOVED PRINCIPAL AND INSTRUCTOR

MAY TAYLOR POWELL

THIS BOOK IS MOST
REVERENTLY DEDICATED

1885--1914



1911



1914

MAY TAYLOR POWELL



MRS. GEO. H. KEYES, *Pres.*

WINSLOW
SCHOOL
BOARD



T. NIETHAMMER, *Clerk*



MRS. A. E. GILLARD, *Member*



WINSLOW HIGH SCHOOL



CONSTANCE STRATTON, A.B.
Latin, German
1914



PAULINE HILLIARD, A.B., A.M.
Domestic Arts
1913-14-15



MAE McMILLIN, A.B.
Commercial
1914-15



G. E. CORNELIUS, Pd.B., B. S.
City Superintendent
1912-13-14-15



THERESA WHITE
Librarian
1914-15



JOSEPH LORD, A.B., A.M.
History and Arithmetic
1914



A. J. LA BERGE
Manual Training and Drafting
1914-15



M. BELL-OAKLEY
Music
1914-15



PEARL CLYMER, A.B.
English
1914-15



G. W. BRUBAKER, A.B.
Math. Science
1914-15. Prin. H. S.

THE STAFF

1915

GELERT R. RAMAGE, '15 *Editor-in-Chief*
RALPH E. WEBER, '15 *Business Manager*

LOUISE DADEY, '15 . . . *Associate Editor*
E. MAY PROCTOR, '16 . . *Associate Editor*
JESSIE A. BUTNER, '15 . . *Society*
ADOLPH C. WEBER, '17 . . *Art*

WILLIAM G. WRIGHT, '16 *Athletics*
GLADYS B. FOUTS, '15 . . *Calendar*
MARGUERITE DAY, '15 . . *Literary*
ALMA B. NORMAN, '15 . . *Literary*



Gladys Fouts



Marguerite Day



May Proctor



William Wright



Gelert Ramage



Ralph Weber

"STAFF"



Alma Norman



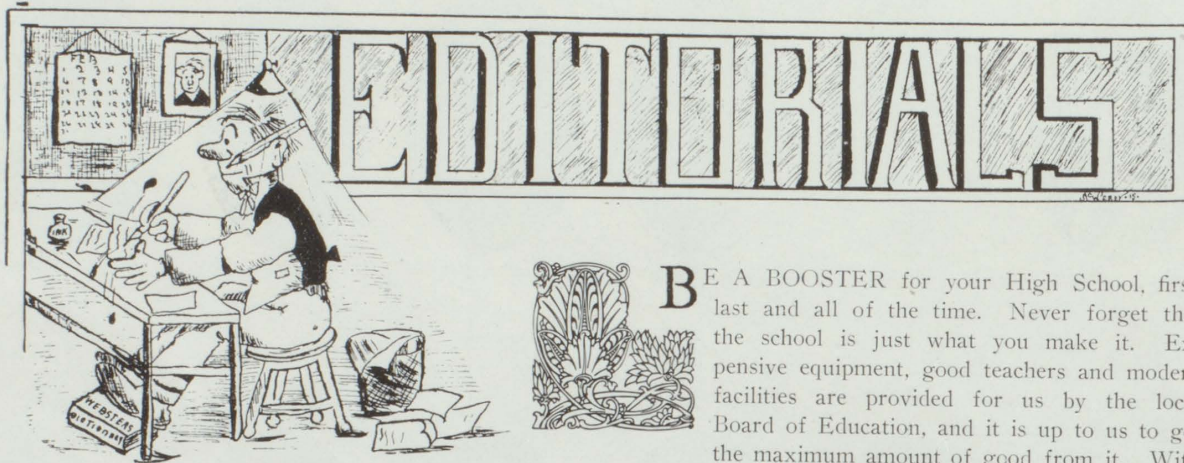
Louise Dadey



Adolph Weber



Jessie Butner



GELERT RAMAGE,
Editor-in-Chief.



BE A BOOSTER for your High School, first, last and all of the time. Never forget that the school is just what you make it. Expensive equipment, good teachers and modern facilities are provided for us by the local Board of Education, and it is up to us to get the maximum amount of good from it. With its laboratories and four Special Departments we know that our school is one of the best in the State. It should be our every endeavor to make it the B-E-S-T. Everything may not please you, exactly, but it is our opinion that those that kick the most really know the least about a good school.

EDITORIALS

(Continued)

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Perhaps the best known organizations in the High School are the High School Band of twenty-five pieces and the High School Orchestra of twelve. Both of these excellent organizations owe their life and growth to Prof. A. J. La Berge. To that end we think that public acknowledgment should be made him by the Editors of the great good that he has done for our school. May he stay with us always. We want him.

ATHLETICS

While our teams, such as we have had for the past three years, have been uniformly good, and have won a large percentage of the games played, we feel that at least two more major sports should be participated in by the students of this school. We understand that efforts will be made next fall to put a football team in the field. Good! We implore the boys of the student body to get behind this movement and make a

success of it. Our athletic relations with Flagstaff S. N., Snowflake Academy, Jerome H. S., Prescott H. S., Williams H. S. and Needles H. S. have been very pleasant, but we believe that it is time to meet other schools on the gridiron and on the track. The track material in High at the present time is exceptionally good, and we trust that next year wears of the "W" will be found at the University Scholastic at Tucson and at the Albuquerque meet also. The best interests of the school can be served by the organization of a permanent Athletic Association. We suggest that a stated yearly fee be set, same to cover student admittance to all school contests.

THE TENNIS CLUB

We are glad to see the tennis sharks are again at work. We would like to suggest that the courts be moved nearer High School, instead of their present location. It is a good institution.

EDITORIALS

(Continued)

SCHOOL SPIRIT

The one thing that is absolutely essential to the best interests of any school, whether of secondary or collegiate rank, is school spirit. The term embraces all: lesson preparations, recitations, teaching, student activities of all descriptions and the student-teacher attitude. A teacher or student who understands the term and who has honor enough to live up to their understanding will always live up to the term and will work at all times for the best interests of the school. School spirit can be shown in any one of a multitude of ways, but we believe the motto, "Do your best for your school," should always be kept in mind by our High School students.

PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

We know nothing but good of this now-famous organization. For two years its many members have done their best for us. We appreciate it and wish to acknowledge our indebtedness here. Mrs. V. C. Proctor, President, 1913-1914; Mrs. R. B. Eastman, 1914-1915, and Mrs. G. P. Sampson, Chairman of Entertainment Committee, are deserving of great praise for

their good work and the real and vital interest they have taken in us and in our school.

THE BUSINESS MEN OF WINSLOW

Our appreciation of the liberality of the combined business interests of this city in giving us advertising is greatly appreciated by the school and staff. We believe that every reader of this book should patronize our home merchants, as without them this book and this school would be impossible. Every citizen of Winslow who is a Sears-Montgomery-Ward buck patron is not a citizen in anything except the name. They are unworthy of the town and of our schools. We, at least, now know what the term "Patronize home industry" means, and we will always try and live up to our conception of the term.

THE FACULTY

We have a good faculty, as good as any school of our rank has. We appreciate them and trust that they will all always be happy and prosperous.



SENIORS

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>President</i> | RALPH E. WEBER |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | LOUISE E. DADY |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MARGUERITE DAY |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | GLADYS FOUTS |

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| IVA CASSIN | GEO. P. SAMPSON |
| GELERT RAMAGE | ALICE G. ILER |
| ALMA V. NORMAN | JESSIE BUTNER |

Class Colors
Light Blue and Gold

Class Flower
Yellow Rose

Class Motto
B²



JESSIE BUTNER

*Girls' Basketball 1912-13-14. Capt. '14
Cast "Our Aunt from California."*



LOUISE DADEY

*Class Sec. '12. Vice-Pres. '14-'15. Class Editor '14.
Class Representative Staff '15. Basketball '13-'14.
Casts "Merchant of Venice" and "Our Aunt from California."
President "Sage Brush Literary Society," 1914.*



IVA CASSIN

Cast "Our Aunt from Californic."



MARGUERITE DAY

Class Secretary, '15.

Entered as a Jr. from Lawrence (Kan.) H. S.



GLADYS FOUTS

Class President, '12. Treasurer, '15.

Secretary, Sage Brush Literary Society.

Associate Editor Annual.

Casts of "Merchant of Venice" and "Our Aunt from California."

Class Valedictorian.



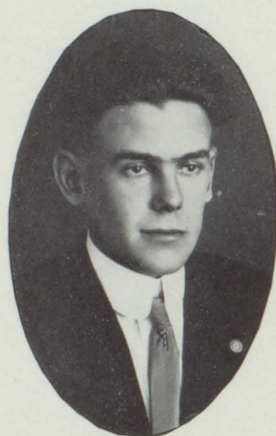
ALICE ILER

Cast "Our Aunt from California."



ALMA NORMAN

*Girls' Champion Basketball Team, '12-'13.
Cast of "Our Aunt from California."*



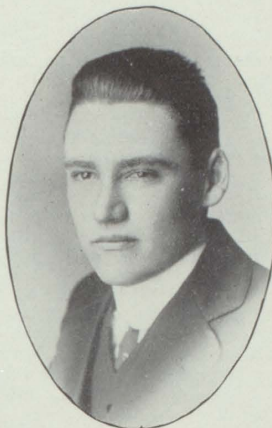
GEORGE SAMPSON

*'Varsity Basketball, '12-'13-'14-'15. Baseball, '13-'14.
Class President, '13-'14-'15. H. S. Band, '15.
H. S. Orchestra, '14. Cast "Merchant of Venice."
Class Orator.*



GELERT RAMAGE

*Editor-in-Chief, Annual, 1915.
Varsity Basketball, '14-'15.*



RALPH WEBER

*Basketball, '13. Annual Staff, '13.
Business Manager, Annual, '15. Class Editor, '14.
Class President, '14-'15. Cast of "Merchant of Venice."*

| NAME | APPEARANCE | CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSION | AMBITION | AIM IN LIFE | INTENDS TO BE . . . |
|------------|--------------|------------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| Louise | On the bias | Mamma said | Little of everything | "Red" | D. S. Teacher |
| Alma | Touch me not | "You're a peach" | Writing stories | Nothing in particular | Niethammer's clerk |
| Marguerite | Stage-struck | Haven't any | Study | To keep on keeping on | Missionary |
| Jessie | Dolled up | Gosh-whack | Nothing | To keep out of exams. | Seen and heard |
| Alice | Aggressive | Don't | Mischief | To have the last word | Old maid |
| Iva | Boy-struck | He said— | Hayes | Ray | Married |
| George | All in | M'Dell | M'Dell | M'Dell | Doctor |
| Gelert | Percy | What d'you know | To make the Annual go | To find the missing link | Accommodating |
| Gladys | Funny | I don't know | Not decided | To dance divinely | A great success |
| Weber | Queer | Believe me | Boundless | To rule the world | Electrical engineer |

US SENIORS

(TOAST GIVEN AT ANNUAL SENIOR BREAKFAST)

I.

Here's to us—each laddie and lass
Of this our first Public Speaking Class.
May you every one profit in the years that come
By means of your P. Speaking (some).

II.

Here's to George Sampson, whose often fed
On eyes that are blue and hair that is red;
Now he'll use his powers of persuasion, we know,
To stir things up when they are prone to go slow.

III.

Here's to Jessie, who came to us under protest,
But now she works with us as one of our best—

IV.

Here's to Iva, who says she'll use her P. Speaking
In private, while through this world seeking
A suitable husband; and to find one she's sure,
Although throughout Europe she may have to tour.

V.

Here's to Will, who stars on the athletic ground;
Once in English for a platform a table he found,
And mounted on this with gestures most striking.
He gave an oration or speech to his liking.
With a starter like this in his Sophomore year
What may we not hope about William to hear?

VI.

Here's to Alice Her, whose cognomen seems to imply
She's one to have handy when things are quite dry;
She's our oiler to lubricate things that get rusty
When she thinks she can't do things she's apt to get crusty.

VII.

Here's to Alma—sweet singer—so modest and shy;
Just a good wish to her and I'll hurry on by
To Ralph, whose life work is laid out so clear,
I wish there were more could say that who are here,
For our work in the world is the thing that's best,
And marks us for real men—or women—or less.

That's all of my sermon—just that one word work;
If there's one thing on earth I dislike, it's a shirk.

VIII.

Here's to Marguerite, surely she will do wonders;
She gives such good toasts, without any blunders,
And it's such a relief to call on her in class;
We never need fear she'll answer, "I pass."

IX.

And Allie, who can't tell us what's in a name—
Well, you bank on her to find out just the same
That her name's not "Dennis" in most any game.

X.

Here's to Gladys, the very brave lass,
For she's the one girl in the whole Physics Class.
I guess she likes boys, for she says that some day
She'll don a man's garb and away, and away,
To tramp all over Europe and the Wee Isle of Man;
I fear that she's being spoilt; help her all you can.

XI.

Here's to Leorena, to whom work is all play;
She'd have all her lessons, were there fifteen a day,
And have some time left, I'll bet you a fig,
To get into mischief be it little or big.

XII.

Here's to Louise, who esteems P. S. so high
She can talk right in Assembly and not even half try.

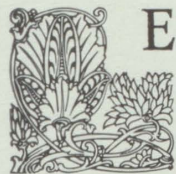
XIII.

And here's to our Supt. so august and grim
That we're really afraid of him.
Now, aren't you? Don't tell him I said so;
You know it is true.
He manages the wheels of the schools of our town,
Sometimes shaking things up,
Sometimes shaking them down,
But still keeping things moving upward, up, up,
Let's pledge our best wishes to him in this cup.

XIV.

And yet e'er our breakfast is over and done
Let's drink to our H. S.—now come, everyone.

SENIOR RESUME



EARLY in September, 1911, there gathered at the North Grammar School a class of fourteen students ready to make their debut as High School students. Of that group nine are completing their High School courses this spring in the New High School building. During that period we have participated in the great upbuilding of the city schools. We have seen Commercial work in all phases, Manual Training, Drafting, Domestic Arts and Science, Physics, Chemistry, General Science, and various other courses installed successfully in the schools. We have helped in the organization of the Literary Societies, the Band, the Orchestra, the School Paper, Basketball Teams, Baseball Teams, Dramatic Clubs, etc., and in every way we have been

in the front in helping to build up our schools. Last and certainly not least, our scholarship, as a class, is the peer of any class in school. Marriages and various other causes have depleted our class, but we have never lost a student for deficient scholarship. Our Athletic record is a proud one, and our Literary record a better one. We have edited two Annuals, the only two ever attempted in Winslow; one as Sophomores, one as Seniors. We believe that we have made great strides in two years, and trust that all others think the same. As to our disposition next year only the gods know. Sampson expects to attend New Mexico University; Weber goes to Cornell University, and probably Gladys will go to Arizona University; Louise is to be Domestic Arts Assistant, and Ramage will continue in Business School. The rest, wherever they go, success.



ORATORY

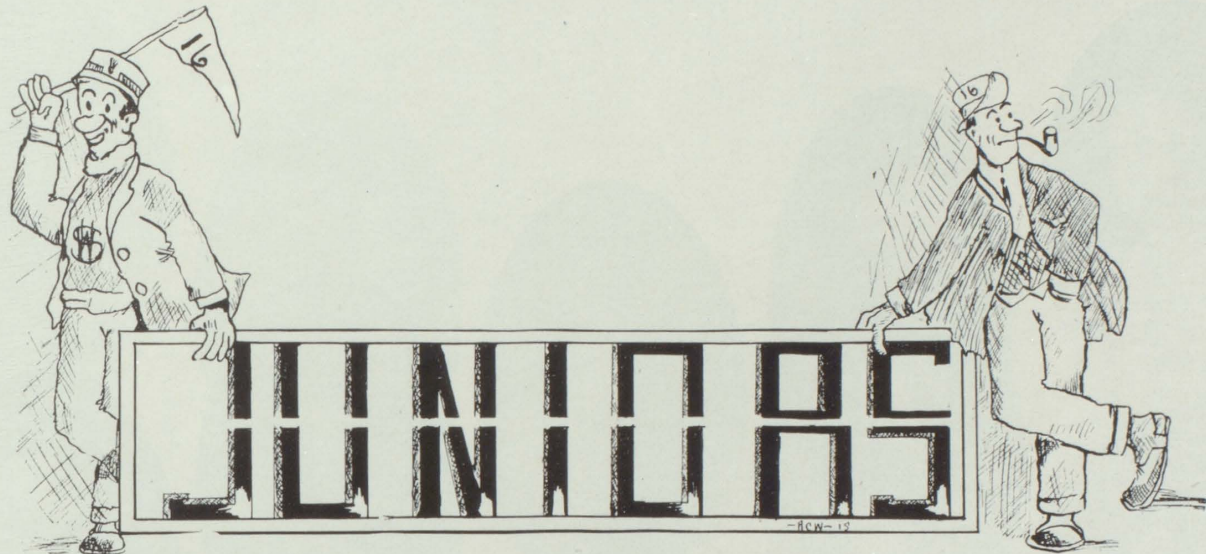


AS WE look back on our Senior Year in High School there is one bright spot that we view with greatest pleasure and pride, and that is our orations and our oratory. We are, indubitably, the greatest class of orators in the world, and as such our record will stand in the halls of Fame of old High.

Oratory is defined as the Art of Public Speaking, but far be it from me to speak of those wonderful flights of fancy, those original, startling and edifying flights, in any such mild terms. Although our illness excuses increased on rhetorical days and some of us were frequently absent on the days assigned us, nevertheless we were all great orators. (Note past tense.) On days when impromptu speaking was indulged in

we, one and all, would bravely arise, as though to be executed, indulge in wild and frantic glances all around, and then gradually turn the most delicate, pale shade of green. In fact, many of the boys came near to choking to death on an Adams apple that they never knew they possessed previously. The flights of fancy and wonderful ideas would now come, stuttering and halting into the confined spaces of the English room, accompanied by gestures that would do credit to the wooden actors in a Punch and Judy show. Suddenly (happy thought) a brilliant idea, a magnificent idea, would come into our heads. Steadily, automatically, we would turn to Miss Clymer and shout, "I've forgotten the rest." Some of us conquered our faults, some of us never will. Oh! yes we were good Public Speakers all right.





| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| Class President | { ALLIE EUBANKS, Semester 1 |
| Vice-President | { WILLIAM WRIGHT, Semester 2 |
| Secretary | RUBY CASSIN |
| | MAY PROCTOR |

Colors—Light Tan and Dark Brown

| | | | | |
|-----------|------------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| R. CASSIN | L. EASTMAN | F. PARKS | L. SUTTON | M. WELSH |
| E. DADEY | M. DRUMM | M. PROCTOR | W. WAITE | P. WOODS |
| G. DRUMM | A. EUBANKS | L. SHIPLEY | A. WARD | W. WRIGHT |



RUBY CASSIN

Girls' Basketball '13-'14.
Class Vice-Pres. Casts:
"The Burglars," "Flora-
dora Sextette," "The
Runaways." Orchestra
'15. "Demure."



GEORGE DRUMM

Varsity Basketball '12-'13-
'14-'15. Captain '13.
Varsity Baseball '12-'15.
Captain '14. Class Pres-
ident '13-'14. Casts:
"The Merchant of Ven-
ice," "The Runaways."
H. S. Band.
"Old Reliable."



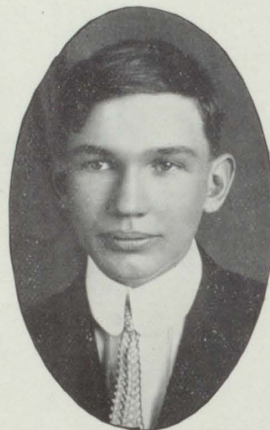
ELLA DADEY

Girls' Basketball '12-'13.
Captain '14. Casts:
"Merchant of Venice,"
"The Burglars."
"Energy."



MARGUERITE DRUMM

Casts: "Floradora Sex-
tette," "The Burglars."
"Pensive."



LEE EASTMAN

Varsity Basketball '14-'15.
H. S. Band. Orchestra.
Varsity Baseball '13.
Casts: "The Merchant of
Venice," "The Run-
aways." Class Editor.
"Smiling."



ALLIE EUBANKS
Cast "Runaways." Class
Pres. '15. Junior Prom
Committee.
"Petite."



MAY PROCTOR
Class Editor '13-'14-'15.
Annual and Mail Editor
'14-'15. Sec. Literary So-
ciety '14. Art Editor
Annual '13 and '15. Cast
"The Burglar."
"Artistic."



LEORENA SHIPLEY
Basketball '13-'14. Casts:
"The Runaways," "Flor-
adora Sextette."
"Trouble."



FRANCES PARKS
Cast "Runaways," etc.
"Life."

WINIFRED WAITE
Basketball '12. H. S. Or-
chestra '15. Casts: "Peg-
gy," "Floradora Sextette."
"Winsome."





LELIA SUTTON
"Dependable."



AGNES WARD
"Classical."



MADELL WELSH
Member G. P. S. Club.
"A Senior B."



PAULINE WOODS
Commercial.
"Magnifique."



WILLIAM WRIGHT
Varsity Basketball '12-'13-
'14-'15. Baseball '15. H.
S. Orchestra. H. S. Band.
Class Pres. '15. Casts:
"The Merchant of Ven-
ice," "The Runaways,"
Annual Staff '15.
"Flash."

JUNIOR HISTORY



FEELING rather jaded after the trials and exams of the Eighth Grade, but still filled with hope plus much curiosity and anxious anticipation, we sixteen youngsters assembled at the High School one September morning three years ago and enrolled as the first freshman class of the institution. We were not exceptional Freshies in the eyes of our fellow men one class higher up. They constantly reminded us of our insignificance and impressively so. We were formally initiated into Hi by the usual ceremonies, but we all survived with a few colds, bruises and a case of croup sustained by one of the younger members. Our deepest pleasure was gained from the fact that though insignificant, it took Freshies to make Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, so we knew that we really held an important part in the school organization. After the first few embarrassing weeks, when we had learned to bear the taunts of our tormentors, we became wonderous wise under their able advice and developed into a strong class, capable of taking part in any and all school activities with a will and ability which has characterized our class throughout.

In our Sophomore year, however, class spirit suffered from an unaccountable malady, but its members were active in athletics and literary societies. We were developing ideas of our own. This added zest to our class debates. As an organization, however, we recovered in time to give a party for the first

Senior class. This was a brilliant social success and seemed to be the crowning event of our achievement.

By the beginning of our Junior year, however, class spirit came in with a vim, and came to stay. We organized early, but had no occasion for marked activities during the first semester. Superfluous energy was in evidence and cropped out by the girls of the English class presenting a farce "The Burglar," and the "Floradora Sextette." This was the Juniors first attempt in Dramatic Art, and served as an inspiration and made them want to show their superior qualities in that line. So, after second term officers had been elected, their wise president called a meeting for the purpose of deciding upon a method of avoiding financial shoals which seemed forboding. It was decided to give a three-act comedy, which, after three weeks of earnest and patient practice, was presented with marvelous success. Our sane upper classmen thought to antagonize us by dopping up our signs with "Babies," and so on. There ensued a battle over the paint bucket, but being the peaceful, high-minded class that we are, we sublimely overlooked the taunts and painted them out and continued the business of making money for the Junior prom, which we have decided to make the best ever.

We are still a large class numerically and have come to be recognized as having a great deal of class and school spirit, having contributed players for the first basketball team, class plays, orchestra, etc. We feel capable of taking our place as Seniors and setting a worthy example for our young and inexperienced followers.

UPPER CLASS JINGLES

*Come in the morning to the breakfast ball;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
A half penny roll will serve us all.
You find the milk and I'll find the flour,
And we'll make fresh biscuits in half an hour*

*Rub-a-dub dub
Three old maids in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
Allie, Louise and Jessie
Turn them out; flirts all three.*

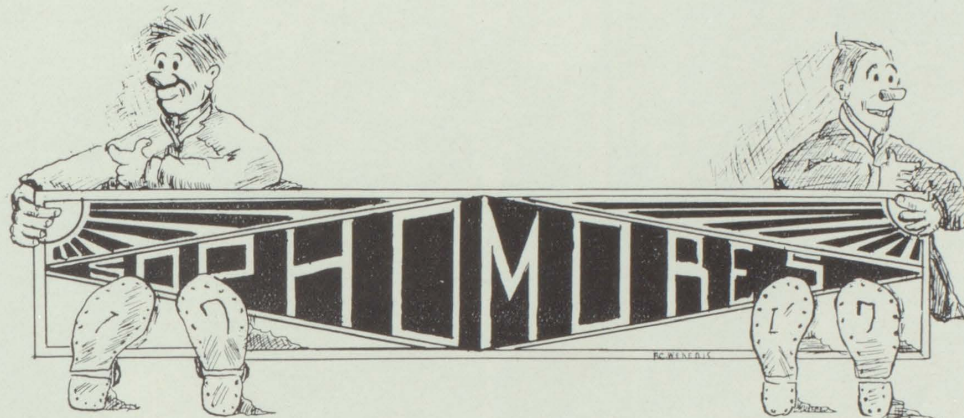
*Oh, little George Sampson,
Come blow your clarionet;
The Seniors are feasting
No Freshies, you bet.
But where's the little boy George
That blows the clarionet?
His feet are under the table.
Shall we send him away?
Oh, no! For then he would surely cry.*

*Ivie had a wad of gum;
Its color was white as snow,
And everywhere that Ivie went
That gum was sure to go.
It went with her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
Miss Clymer took it away from her
And chewed it after school.*

*Ding dong Belle,
Marguerite's in a well.
Who put here there?
Little Alma thin.
Who pulled her out?
Big Gladys Fouts.*

*Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
Our son Pete
Came to breakfast in his sockless feet;
One stocking holey,
One stocking neat,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
Our son Pete.*

*Little Miss Her
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey
When Ralph Weber spied her
And sat down beside her
And frightened poor Alice away.*



Class President ADOLPH WEBER
 Vice-President WALTER CRESWELL
 Secretary LILLIAN TULLEY

RUTH BENNETT
 JESSIE BURKE
 WALTER CRESWELL
 JOHN DRUMM

RUTH DUNKLIN
 RUTH HESSER
 HAYES LA PRADE
 HAROLD McCAULEY
 MARGUERITE WYRICK

LORENZO RUBI
 ALVA STEGMEIER
 RUTH SORENSEN
 RAY SUTHERLAND
 PARKER PINGREY

LEON SUTTON
 LILLIAN TULLEY
 ADOLPH WEBER
 CHARLES McCAULEY



1917

SOPHOMORE HISTORY



OUR HISTORY is not an extensive one.

We entered from the Eighth Grade in September, 1913, with an enrollment of sixteen. Today our enrollment has been increased by the addition of Hayes La Prade, Ray Sutherland and Charles McCauley. We were given the usual stunts

to do by the Class of 1916, and we believe that we did them gracefully and well.

Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen is not an unusual class. We have many good students whose scholastic

attainments compare well with those of other and larger classes. However, we are extremely proud of the athletic attainments of our boys. Creswell, Sutherland, Sutton and La Prade are among the wearers of the "W," and we also boast of the best track athlete in school, J. Drumm. We expect him to lower certain state records before graduation. The two school cartoonists, A. Weber and Stegmeier, are also members of our class. Their work speaks for itself. If you don't believe it look the Annual over. In fact, we have representatives in every line of school activity, and will continue to have until we graduate.





THE PRINTING HABIT.



THOSE FLASHY TIES



sitting with the girls



FIGHTING THE BUZZ SAW



A SOPHOMORE AFTER HARD DAYS WORK.



READING THE MAGAZINES.

FADS OF THE SEASON



| | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Class President</i> | STERLING ROSS |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | MARION NELSON |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MARY DADEY |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | WILLIAM WARD |

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MARY DADEY
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ALTA DRUMM
DAN DUNKLIN
CHARLES EASTMAN

ELVIN ERICKSON
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WILLIAM GATES
IDEL JONES
MAYES LA PRADE
LAWRENCE LEE

MARION NELSON
FRANK ORTEGA
YGNACIO ORTEGA
AMANDA PERALTA
CECIL THOMPSON
STERLING ROSS

FRED SEEGER
PARKER SUTTON
JOSEPH VARGAS
CHARLES WARD
WILLIAM WARD
FLOYD HUBBARD

ROWENA MOONEY

HELEN ARMSTRONG

AGNES ROBINSON





IN TRAINING FOR FRESHMEN

PEARL ADAMS
 RAFAEL BALLEJOS
 MARY BECKWITH
 JAMES CARMEN
 WILLIAM CARROLL
 HARVEY CLARK
 EDGAR COOPER
 PATRICK COYNE
 JOSEPH CROZIER
 MARIE DAZE

President
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 EDWIN KLEINDIENST

CARMEN McDANIELS
 EDWIN KLEINDIENST
 JAMES CARMEN
 JOSEPH CROZIER
 ALYS LANGFORD
 IRENE MCCAULEY
 CARMEN McDANIELS
 LOUISE McDANIELS
 JAMES NELSON
 OLIVIA CUNNINGHAM

ERNEST ORTEGA
 HILBERT ORTEGA
 CLAUDE PHILLIPS
 HAROLD PROCTOR
 JACK RCSE

GEORGE SUTHERLAND
 CARTER TATUM
 JUANITA TARR
 HELEN TULLY
 LOIS WILSON
 WALTER WILLIAMS
 CHARLES BRADEN
 CHARLES STEGMEIER
 LEO ORTHOBER
 GLENN HERRON



CLASS WILL, PRO'S 1919

We, the Class of 1919, the last class of our angelic kind, in a rare moment of sanity do hereby make our last will and testament. This making all former wills null and void. Not from necessity, but of our own free wills, do we bequeath the following:

First: To our teachers, in general, we lovingly give a long vacation.

Second: To Mr. Lord, in particular, we give that small black object known as the rubber hose (providing he can find same).

Third: To Miss Stratton we leave one small gold-bound book entitled "Dramatics."

Fourth: To Miss McMillin we lovingly give odd copies of "How to Captivate the Masculine Sex," and suggest a careful perusal of the same.

Fifth: We leave to Mr. Brubaker some instructions written by Louise and Becky on "hooky" plans and excuses.

Sixth: The girls leave their far-famed griddle cake recipe to 1920.

Seventh: We willingly bequeath to Fay Sutherland the broken chair in the History room that she may rest her weary bones after hard labor.

Eighth: We bequeath to Bernie Cunningham, Florence Coyne and Shrimp Stegmeier the right of gracing the office of the man higher up.

Ninth: To Leo Orthober the little white ladder in the Manual Training room, that he may be able to climb into more knowledge.

Tenth: The Class of '16 shall have all favors conferred on us by our Mr. Lord.

Eleventh: We also bequeath to them the class goat which has always been able to butt up against the insults tendered to us by Freshies.

Twelfth: And these, our personal belongings, we give to the following:

(1) Baby Hughes wills to Tiny Sutton the distinction of being the Class Infant.

(2) Alys regretfully wills to Nellie Eastman the exclusive right of primping for five minutes after assembly gong rings, in front of the glass in the big south hall doors.

(3) Carmen McDaniels gladly wills to Jay Sutherland her right to being sent out of the Math. room daily.

(4) Pat Coyne leaves all of his jitney comedy stunts to Granvill Searles.

(5) Helen Tully bequeaths to Thelma Lamb her privilege of wandering about the building during class hours.

We do appoint Chas. Christman sole executor of this, our last will and testament. In witness whereof we have set our hands and seals this 14th day of May, 1915.

Witnessed by:

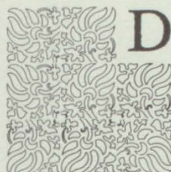
BILL DAZE.

NANCY HANKS.



THE REGENERATION OF DICK

By GEORGE SAMPSON, JR., '15



DICK HAMLIN, Jr., to use his own phrase, "could hardly be blamed for his conduct." When Dick Jr. was a very small boy his mother died, therefor he hadn't even a faint memory of a mother's love to help him. Of course Dick Sr. tried his best to do what he thought was right for Dick, doing too much in one way, and not enough in another. He was so busy amassing a fortune that he had time to do nothing but sign checks and see that his boy wanted nothing that money could buy. The rest of the boy's "bringing up" was left successively to nurses, teachers, schools, and college. As a consequence Dick traveled a rather swift gait, and had rather a good time, never worrying about his studies, or very much about anything unless it was the composition of a request for more allowance.

Of course the father raised objections from time to time, but not in such a way that they made an impression. The boy went from bad to worse. In college what time he had from the training table, and devoid of athletics, he spent in joy riding, and road house parties. Of course this resulted in expulsion, and there ensued a storm. Dick Sr. told him that he was a worthless rascal, unfit to bear the name of Hamlin.

"Now," he said, "do something; cut out the foolishness, and go to work. What do you want to do?"

"O, I don't care," was the answer Dick gave, and immediately set out to live up to this statement.

He had never heard such words addressed to himself from his father before, and consequently paid no attention. There followed one year of joy, and one scrap after another, which cost him his good health, and his father some little cash. Finally the break came. The boy was called to the office, and his father informed him that he

could thereafter dig for himself. Of course this information was accompanied with several other phrases which tended to broaden the breach.

Dick knew this time that his father was in earnest. He left and went to another town in a distant state. There he kept up the same pace until his money gave out. Then he came to the realization that he must go to work if he expected to exist. After having secured several jobs, and having been discharged from as many for incompetency, he grimly realized there was nothing he could do.

"I wasn't fitted for work." There followed step after step downward. He became nothing better than a bum, doing little odd jobs around saloons and gambling houses; most of them were not very nice kind, either. He barely escaped prison several times, and did not seem to care what he was asked to do if he were given enough money for the job to buy his meals and liquor.

This kept up until he was no longer considered a man, but was looked upon as some harmless but loathsome beast, even by his former associates. He lost all interest in life—his own and everyone else's. One piece of work he did for a certain group of influential men nearly landed him in the state penitentiary, but he wiggled out of it without exposing his employers.

About four years after he had left home, on one of his almost sober days, he picked up a piece of newspaper and began to read. The article which caught his eye was one that contained the name of a firm in which he knew most of his father's fortune to be involved. It was a rather veiled and indefinite article, but he knew before he had half finished that his father was being crushed by men who wanted his interests.

Immediately a change took place in Dick; the fighting spirit of the football days was aroused. He didn't care what the world or any individual did to him, but they couldn't play crooked with "Dad" and get away with it.

He knew his father was fighting a hard but losing fight, and he wanted to be in on the finish if he could possibly be there. He got there.

With what little money he had, and by "beating his way," he finally arrived in his home town with his clothes nearly dropping off, and a dime in his pocket. He never hesitated but went straight to the office of Richard Hamlin. He had to force his way past several well-meaning clerks, and an office boy, but finally burst through the door through which he had formerly gone in search of checks.

Here he stopped and looked upon a sight which he never dreamed of seeing; here was the inscrutable Richard Hamlin slumped down in his chair with a look of dejection and lost hope on his face, which had been as foreign to those features four years before as day is to night. He finally looked up and saw Dick.

"What do you want?" he said, not recognizing in this tramp his only son.

"Dad!"

"Dickey! What has happened to you?"

"Never mind me, Dad. What has happened to you?"

"Nothing, Dickey."

"What are they doing to you, Dad?"

"I guess they've got me this time, boy."

"Who?"

"The ring."

"And aren't you going to fight?"

"No; it is too late, Dickey, but it makes no difference. What do I want with a fortune? I'll have enough left to keep me alive when they get through. Since you went away I don't seem to need any more than that. I can't get hold of myself nor anyone else."

"Yes, you are going to fight, and I am going to help you."

"No, let them have it; I don't want it."

"Yes you do, and you are going to help me keep it for you. Tell me about it."

Then the father related to his son how the ring of men had gradually forced him under by methods known only to those men who deal in "big business." They had secured first one interest and then another, and now it was certain that they would get this, his last and largest.

"Who are these men? Who is the leader of the gang?" asked Dick.

"John Hayes——"

"John Hayes?"

"Sure; he is the leader."

Dick thought a few minutes and then, "Send for him. I don't want to see any of the rest, but I do want to see him."

"Alright, Dickie, but it's no use."

He called Hayes on the telephone, and received a promise to call at the office at two o'clock.

"Don't you think you had better get some clothes, boy?"

"Yes, but you attend to that. Go out and get me an entire outfit. Here are my measurements. And don't get back until after three o'clock."

The father went out with a new light in his eyes, and a spring in his step that had not been there for four years. Dick suddenly realized that he had not eaten for some time.

"There is no use hanging around here all the time, and besides one can't fight on an empty stomach." He went to one of the clerks whom he had known before he left. "Lend me four bits, Fred."

The clerk looked at him in surprise. "A half dollar—fifty cents; what's the matter with you? Wake up."

The clerk drew out some small change and held it in his hand doubtfully. Dick snatched a half dollar from the hand and was gone. He went to a small restaurant and ordered dinner. The waiter, after receiving his order, still hesitated.

"Well?" said Dick.

"What will you have to drink, sir?"

"Water; a whole pitcher of it, and hurry. I am starved."

After dinner he started back to the office with a new elation and a new grip on life. As he went through the outer office he said, "When Mr. Hayes calls, send him in."

It wasn't long until the capitalist entered the private office and saw a disheveled tramp sitting with his back to the door, gazing out of the window.

"Where is Hamlin?"

"He is out," said Dick, wheeling, "but I am here; sit down."

Hayes started, "How much?" he asked, reaching for his pocket-book.

"Put your money away," said Dick. "It almost landed me in prison once, but I got out of it, and nothing can prove my guilt now but my own confession, and that is apt to involve certain other gentlemen."

"What do you want, Dick?"

"Call your dogs off Hamlin."

"I should say not."

"Mr. Hayes, I have here a signed confession of a little job I pulled off out in a certain Western town, and unless you comply with my wishes it goes to the district attorney and that on the first mail tonight."

"Yes, it will," said Hayes, in a laugh. "Good joke. Dirty Dick sending himself to prison. You think too much of your booze to do that."

"Mr. Hayes, let me tell you something. You knew me out West by the name of 'Dirty Dick.' Now I will tell you the rest of my name. It is Hamlin—I am Richard Hamlin, Jr., the son of the man whom you and your tools mean to crush by your crooked methods,

and I would put myself in a worse place than the state penitentiary for Dad any day. Now, Mr. Hayes, with your influence you can easily make my father's fortune secure against any attack, and unless I am assured by the report of the evening papers that you have done so my confession goes to the district attorney in the morning."

Mr. Hayes glared and Dick leaned over the desk and returned his look. His eyes never wavered from his opponent's, nor his mind from its purpose. They sat thus for several minutes. Finally "Alright," growled Hayes. "But I'll get you for this Dick."

"Any time you feel lucky, Mr. Hayes, you will find me here and this (picking up his confession) will be in a safety deposit box after tomorrow morning and will be found there in case anything happens to my person. Good day, Mr. Hayes, you have quite a little work to do before the evening paper goes to press."

The interview was over and Dick sat down, and experienced for the first time the sensation of having accomplished something, and with the knowledge that he held a place in the world of men.

REVERIE OF A JUNIOR

LEORENA SHIPLEY, '16.

*Good-bye to our dear old Junior class,
Playtime cannot always last;
We must forget our pranks and misdemeanors,
For are not we to be the "Dignified Seniors"?
Never again to be called the babies,
For now we are gentlemen and ladies;
Never again to be snubbed and stung,
For Seniors' names are in honor sung.
Unlike most classes in our Freshman Year,
We knew not the meaning of silence or fear,*

*We tortured the Sophies with hoax and jokes
And spared not even the teacher folks.
But when we entered as Sophomores wise,
We pulled the wool o'er the Freshies eyes,
Our brilliance to others seemed just chitter-chatter—
Our report cards proving we had no gray matter.
So now, dear Juniors, good-bye, good-bye,
"Auf Wiedersehen" and do not sigh—
For the rollicking happy-go-lucky days are fled,
Only take off your hat when you speak of the dead.*

THE PHANTOMS OF THE ENGLISH TEACHER



IT WAS just at that busy time, the end of the month, when those required tests had been dealt with a blinding force to the helpless, unresisting students of Hi. Miss Clymer had been busy giving doses of this bitter tonic to her class all day with a stern relentlessness. She was now languidly going over the papers of the Junior Class, with their copious or scanty answers, but brave attempts. It was a blustering March day without, the wind was howling about the corner of the building, hail and rain were hurled against the windows at intervals. The heat had been irregular all day and the room was becoming gloomy and cold. At last she rested her head upon her folded arms and permitted herself to doze. As she became drowsy she seemed to be sinking beneath the surface of dark slimy water, horrible shrieks came to her ears, black bats seemed to be flying past and masses of question marks and quotations were coiling and wiggling about her. At length she was swept into a passage way; here she had the sensation of great heat yet icicles hung about on the gray stone walls. She was swept on through the numberless passage ways which seemed to join one another in endless profusion. A sound of wailing attracted her, across the passage way just in front of her went a flying white figure shrieking, "I can't write a story, I won't write a story." It was Lee's voice to be sure. At that a piercing gale passed her and someone in a hideous green costume, covered with shining scales and claws yet bearing the facial features of Ella Dadey, was hissing, "Only 85, only 85." It was not what she said it was the menace with which she said it that caused Miss Clymer to shrink back into a secluded corner, where she stumbled over something. Yes, it was George Drumm, sprawling on the floor, writing, writing, and mumbling incoherently about an inspiration in the dark, and the life of Pope and Washington wholly confused. She hurried on eager to be free from the appalling sight. In her hasty flight she passed a shivering figure clad in black trailing garments; here she recognized

the gaunt features of May Proctor. She was also murmuring. No doubt it was a poem filled with melancholy for she was destined to walk forever thus making poetry. Miss Clymer passed on, coming in contact with other hideous objects till at last she found herself in a low dusky room, filled with cobwebs. A withered old man sat upon a high stool in the middle of the room, and in the dim light could be seen the wrinkled, distorted features of John Drumm, with a long, trembling bony finger he was following the lines in a thick volume of Milton's works. "Ah," he murmured in a shaking voice, "ten billion times, ten billion times, have I read this wonderful composition, and yet I fail to get the deep meaning meant to be conveyed which I heard the others in the class rave about. Oh, if the good Miss Clymer could only have explained it more fully I would have been spared these years of weary eternal groping for the meaning."

She turned to go from the room only to suddenly encounter the frail, wasted figure of Marguerite Drumm dashing frantically down the corridor as if pursued. She was imploring seclusion from the ensuing English period which seemed to be after her with a spear headed with a test. Not being sure that something horrible was not coming, she started to hurry on with Marguerite but could not keep in sight of her, and she was brought to a stop when she encountered a twisted mis-shapen creature wearing thick glasses, carrying a microscope. Claspng her hands dramatically, she implored in a rasping voice that sounded nothing like Ruby's, "Oh, direct me to the past; direct me to the past." She explained that she had been a Junior but had been made to return for the history of the class and toil, hunt, and search as she would, no place could she find anything that even resembled the past. Upon gaining no information she moved slowly on with a wail of disappointment and continued to look about her in a strained, agonized manner. Miss Clymer was trembling by this time, and, not knowing whither to turn, at last perceived a door, through which she thought to escape. It opened heavily and its rusty hinges squeaked in a weird manner as she

pushed it open. Here she was confronted by an intangible mass of periscopes, microscopes and telescopes. The figures of Hayes and Peggy were so small that they were barely discernible in this towering mass. Miss Clymer was puzzled; she was as yet unseen, so she remained quiet. At last she heard the wee small voice of Peggy saying, "I get a slight trace of the future of one of our classmates; it is a shoeprint, and I think he must have passed this way on into the future, but we will never overtake him. How can we ever hope

to get a class prophecy." There was only an answering groan from Hayes, who was intently peering into a crystal sphere.

By this time her body seemed stiff, she could see the faint figures of Freshmen passing now and then—and then—the voice of Mr. Swingle, "May I sweep in here now." "Oh—Oh, certainly," she grasped, sat erect, rubbed her eyes, placed a passing grade on the paper before her, and resolved never, never again to impose work upon the poor Juniors, for work they cannot stand.

MAY PROCTOR, '16.

THE DEATH OF LARGO

HAYES LA PRADE, '17

October 10, 1914

WINSLOW HIGH SCHOOL



NARCISSUS, the chief of the hunters, was a tall and exceedingly handsome youth. His daring and marksmanship was everywhere known and praised. His companions loved him so well that they idealized him in every way.

Beloved of Narcissus was the beautiful young maid Echo, of whom the goddess Juno was the god-mother. Largo was his rival for the love of Echo, and never failed to plan as to how he might capture the young maiden's heart and take her to his home among the stars to be his wife.

Jupiter had long since appointed Largo a star to watch over the mortals by night, because he had such exceedingly sharp eyes that no event escaped them. But alas, Largo was of a vain nature and used his god-given gift unjustly, as we shall see. Often he mischarged mortals of evil and had them cast into a giant whirlpool in an old crater of an extinct volcano. A single look at this whirling cauldron of water had been known to cause mortals to swoon in terror. The dark oily waters surged and swirled round and round, as if trying to escape ere being sucked into the bottomless pit of the old volcano. The noise made by the pool resembled nothing more than the roarings of some ferocious beast frantic with hunger.

These actions of Largo caused the young hunter Narcissus to hate him, and he swore a solemn oath to kill him at the first opportunity. But while the star god retained the godlike form he was powerless to harm him. Narcissus told Diana, the goddess of the Chase, of the evil wrought by Largo, and she, sympathizing with him, gave him a silver-tipped arrow to use against the star god. With this weapon Narcissus might kill any of the earth beings by merely aiming it at them, and the arrow could also do ill towards any of the gods upon being discharged at them. One evening, early, while Largo was sailing across the sky, his sharp eyes detected Echo wandering in the forest alone, and lost. She had been sent by Juno to gather flowers, and not finding any of the desired kind, had wandered into the dense thicket until she realized that she was lost on the slopes of the tree-tangled mountain. The prospect of having to stay alone in the forest all night frightened her greatly; and moreover Juno was very liable to be angry and punish her for her carelessness.

When Largo saw the maiden he laughed exultingly, realizing that his long-sought opportunity had arrived. Swiftly changing his form to that of half a man and half a goat, he descended from his lofty heights and arrived on earth. He desired this form because with the goat's feet he could easily climb the roughest rocks, carrying Echo.

He was determined to carry the maiden to his far off palace and make her his wife. He carried in his mind always the picture of her as she was when he saw her first with her laughing brown eyes overflowing with fun and her golden hair flowing carelessly over her shoulders. Her lips and cheeks were to him the image of roses in full bloom.

Suddenly an irresistible impulse came to her to look backwards. There in the very act of springing towards her was Largo in his changed form. Badly frightened, she screamed, although she realized that there was but small chance of anyone hearing her in the great forest. Largo ran before her and laughed sinisterly, saying, "Now, my beautiful maiden, I have you, and I shall take you with me to live in my castle, for I am Largo the star god. Long I have loved and desired you, and now you are mine to cherish for always." Echo attempted to elude him and reach the open slopes, but was soon overtaken by the fleet-footed superman, who caught her up into his arms and started with her up the mountainside, for he must reach the mountaintop ere he could change back to his proper form. Largo had almost reached the top when an arrow cut through the air with

terrific speed. His hold on the maiden Echo unclasped and he fell backward, stone dead with the silver-tipped arrow of Diana transfixed in his heart.

A moment later Narcissus ran from a clump of vines, laughing gleefully, for he had slain his arch enemy and saved his love from a horrible fate. Narcissus told her that while hunting nearby he had heard her scream, and by creeping up on them cautiously had been able to approach near enough to shoot at Largo as he was escaping.

Darkness was stealing over the mountainside swiftly and the sun was sinking behind the mountains. As the lovers were about to leave the scene of the tragedy they turned for a last look at their enemy, and instead of the dead body of the god there was a beautiful flower in full bloom; a flower so beautiful that mortals have ever wearied of attempting to describe it. Echo, realizing that some explanation must be made to Juno for her long delay, plucked the flower from the spot where Largo had fallen and took it to Juno. The goddess mother was so pleased with this new treasure that she promised to allow the happy pair to be wedded soon, and to provide them with a beautiful home.

PRISON REFORM IN ARIZONA

By GEO. P. SAMPSON, JR., '15



ON FEBRUARY 12th, 1912, the people of Arizona chose, for the first Governor of the State, a man, who in his short term of office, has become the most read of men that Arizona, either as a State or a Territory, has ever produced. This he accomplished through his most humane, and at the same time, wise prison reform. He has accomplished more in this particular line for humanity than any other state governor in the country, considering the state in which he found things when he took the oath of office.

All this, notwithstanding the fact that he has been greatly hampered in many ways. The work has fallen on him of making from

the raw material of a territory an orderly and well-governed state. This in itself is an undertaking which would occupy the better part of any man's time, and although he has found a great deal of time to spend in his favorite field, he has found further obstacles in a reactionary legislature, the members of which, although they are so inclined to a certain extent, are afraid to take the steps necessary to accomplish the facts. He could not obtain the necessary funds to carry out his plans, nor could he secure the passing of the necessary statutes.

However, he has accomplished great things, of which the "Honor System" is probably the best known. This is a system by which bodies of the inmates of the prison are sent to work on public im-

provements, such as roads and bridges. They are practically without guard, thrown wholly upon their honor, and the per cent of attempted escapes is actually lower than under the old system, according to which they were never allowed outside the prison walls, except under heavy guard; while at the prison itself under the new rules, such as the abolition of the "snake den" and all other such barbaric forms of punishment, an attempt at escape is almost unheard of thing. In the first camp, there were thirty "honor men" working for six months on the construction of the road between Globe and Ray. They were entirely without guard, except for the foreman of the work. They were in the heart of the forest, where every opportunity for escape was offered. During the entire six months only three men attempted to escape. Imagine what this means! It means that the first Governor of Arizona has proven to the world at large that the old and somewhat popular theory that these offenders of society must be treated like animals and practically beaten into obedience for the protection of that society is false.

Furthermore, he has proven that if, on the contrary, they are treated with kindness and probably a little tolerance that they can really be made a benefit, financially, to the State, while the ideas of antagonism against society, which must necessarily be aroused by the old and more cruel treatment, is done away with, and in its stead self-respect and hope for the future is imbued in their minds, and what men they will undoubtedly be when the day comes for them to leave the custody of the State and take their part in the civilization of the world. How much better fit morally, mentally and physically will they be than the wrecks of humanity turned out by the state prison under the old order.

How can they help being benefited? They are subjected to the most uplifting influences. They are allowed unrestricted intercourse with the outside world through the mails. They have access to a splendid library, under the management of a convict as librarian. They derive a great benefit through their mutual improvement league, an organization formed wholly of convicts, with officers elected from their own number every three months. Their written constitution places the officers responsible for the discipline of the inmates. The indulgence in sports and other pastimes is encouraged. They have two good baseball teams which play every week just outside the walls. These games are attended by nearly all the inmates.

Some of them, especially the Mexicans, make some little money by the sale of horse hair and silver ornaments, which they make themselves. One man, Louis V. Eyttinge, has established quite a business through the sale of these curios and trinkets. He is able to do this through the mail. This man, by the use of the mails, has established a great name as an advertiser and salesman. He has been offered a good position as such by several firms, if he could gain his release. This man is a "life term," "sent up" for murder. He has contributed several articles to magazines throughout the country.

Another significant case is that of Roy J. Meyers. He was sentenced to seven years for forgery. Under the old order these would have been seven years of his life really lost and his ambitions and hopes would have been crushed. However, he was given the use of tools and other advantages. He held a theory that electricity could be obtained from the atmosphere. He developed it, and some time ago, through the aid of Kate Bernard, obtained a thirty-day parole. He went to Washington, gave a demonstration and obtained a patent. He returned two days before his time was up, to serve out his sentence. Think what he has to look forward to! When he gets out he will devote his time to a work, which, if it is successful, will revolutionize the electrical world. And still there are those who say that the "Honor System" is a failure; that Governor Hunt is a failure.

Tolstoi said: "We think there are circumstances in which we may deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances. You may lay brick, cut down trees and hammer iron without love, but you cannot deal with men without it." Robert Fisher says: "Galileo was in his day a fanatic, and Sir Isaac Newton an impossible dreamer; so when you think of the infamous systems of penology which have so universally prevailed in this and other countries it seems a far call to the prophecy of Geo. W. P. Hunt when he said 'a hundred years from now the prisons will all be hospitals.'" And this is his idea of the treatment of offenders of the civil law, that they should be treated as mentally sick—which they really are.

Now, compare this theory and its results with the old management of the prison and its results. Hunt, himself, in telling of the day and night he spent in prison in order to understand how prison life affected men, says that on being released from the "snake den"

that he was very glad indeed that he was the Governor and not a prisoner of the government.

The men sentenced to be hung occupied a series of cells along a corridor at the end of which was the death chamber. What went on in here could not be seen, but it could be heard by those outside. In one case there were six men sentenced to death. Imagine what the last of these men suffered when he heard the footsteps of each of his comrades who went before him, the muttered orders of the officers, the fall of the trap door, dropping each into infinity and the jerk of the rope on the pendant body! This is worse than barbaric. Often there were as many as four men in a cell. The food was awful and hardly sufficient to sustain life. Many died while in prison; some immediately after they were released.

One "life term" called the old penitentiary at Yuma "the hell of Arizona," and wrote an article about it. He tells of one instance where several Mexicans, on complaining of the food, were told that they were in prison to be punished, not to be fed. They immediately planned a jail delivery. The plot was discovered, and they were confined to the "snake den" for ten days on bread and water. They were then moved to underground cells in another yard and kept there for eight months. One of them died in there; one was found to be innocent and released; next day he died of consumption. Another was turned into the prison yard with no hopes of living; he died within a short time. One lived long enough to be moved to Florence, where he died of consumption. One was refused medical aid by the night guard; he died the next morning while being examined by a physician. These men had sinned against society.

What about society's sin against them? Can the State or the representatives of the State conscientiously commit the same crimes against these men for which they themselves are being punished? If a spark of good can be found in them, shouldn't it be fanned into a flame by any means possible? This is what Governor Hunt is trying to do. He tries to pick the men who show signs of better lives and develop those symptoms. This, he has tried to do through their honor, and it seems to me that he has succeeded pretty well; in fact, he has succeeded admirably.

Furthermore, he has proven within the last week that his whole interest is not, as some say, devoted to "honor men"—to the exclusion of other problems of government, for when a great number of men were thrown out of employment by the closing of several large mines he called in all the prisoners who were at work outside of the prison that these men might find employment if they so desired.

Another of his hopes is for the abolition of capital punishment. This goes, or ought to go, hand in hand with prison reform. He has expressed a hope that some day the prisons would all be hospitals and punishment by death would be no more. True, he is not the pioneer of the movement, but, although he is working partly on precedent, such as that of the governors of Oregon and Oklahoma and the prison superintendents of several other states, he has carried it just a little farther and furnished just a few more proofs that it is practical, than anyone else. And in this he has made the name of the first Governor of Arizona one which will hold a place in history as one of those few men who have really benefited humanity.



JUNIOR STRATEGY



CLASS spirit ran very high in the Normal School, especially between the Juniors and Seniors. At times school spirit was rather lost sight of in the more adventurous class spirit. Such was the case when the Seniors had given a seven-course dinner for their parents and the faculty. The Juniors knew what work and expense the Seniors had gone to, and yet on the night of the banquet all the eats had disappeared most mysteriously, and the next day many of the Juniors looked very well fed, while a few even kept to their rooms; from which occasionally groans could be heard. The Seniors were very much aroused and vowed a double trick on the Juniors.

Now between the Junior and Senior football teams there existed a bitter rivalry. They had played two out of three games of the series for the school championship and it was tie; so far each class winning one game. So the third game promised to be by far the most important one and excitement and betting ran high throughout the entire school.

Bob Marshall was the star player on the Junior team, and a few extremely jealous and fearing Seniors decided to make him disappear on the day of the game as suddenly as their supper had disappeared. But why are Freshies so foolish about the Juniors? One little Freshman who really was hardly sophisticated enough to have been relieved from his mother's apron strings overheard this, and straight way related this awful plot to the Juniors. But the ready wit of the Juniors saw a way out of all danger of that sort. On the edge of the football field was a little three-room house for rent. The team rented it, and in the dead of night before the day of the game stole silently out to the house, where, behind locked doors, they laughed and joked over the disappointment in store for the Seniors.

The next morning a band of innocent looking Seniors were searching vainly all over the buildings, the campus and everywhere for the missing football star. When they failed to find a single one

of the team they knew then that the Juniors were wise and had removed themselves from the danger zone. Disconsolately they sat down on the grass about a hundred yards away from the very place where the Juniors were hiding. Suddenly one of the Senior boys started quickly, and then said excitedly:

"Boys, I know where they are. They are in that little house over there. I just saw a hand drop the curtain quickly as I looked up. Don't anyone look now, and we'll walk off as though nothing was noticed."

They rose and fairly ran off, and when they disappeared around the building let out one big yell for the Seniors. Then set themselves to thinking how they could get Bob to come out of the house. It was suggested to surround the house and carry him off by force, but recollections of how other affairs of that sort had turned out for the Seniors caused them to reject these suggestions entirely.

Then one of the boys thought of a bright plan. Bob's devotion to Gay Carlyle, a Senior girl, was the only solution possible. They summoned Gay and told her that it was her sacred duty to get Bob away from the club house. If she would only walk past the house alone, and fall, pretending to sprain her ankle severely and call out for help, nothing could keep Bob from rushing out and helping her home, and then the Seniors could, and would, get him.

Gay refused point blank at first but could not hold out against their ridicule and accusations that she was total lacking in class spirit. At last she consented.

"But I know it's not right," she said. "And if Bob is angry at me it's all your fault. But you can never, never say I'm not loyal, and haven't class spirit."

Soon Gay appeared alone from around the corner of the building, and walked rapidly toward the house where the Juniors were hidden. When she was directly in front of the house she gathered courage, and, turning her foot adroitly, fell to the ground. At once she heard voices in the house. First, several saying, "Don't do it; it's a trick, Bob; come back; let someone else go." Then came sounds of scuffling and the door was thrown open and Bob rushed out. Gay tried to rise, then groaned and sank to the ground again.

"Oh, my ankle!" she cried. "Bob, help me home, I can't walk a step."

Bob lifted her carefully, and, supported by one arm, she limped along very painfully. As they neared a group of trees out of sight of the anxious eyes of the Juniors they came upon six Senior boys, who at once pounced upon Bob, and after an unfair struggle he was bound and out into an automobile. As he realized the trap that Gay had led him into, he cast one look at her full of scorn and contempt, and despite the success and victory for the Seniors, she felt crestfallen. The car drove off with poor Bob doubled up on the floor in a most uncomfortable position.

About five miles from the school was the old Baptist Church, which had the highest steeple of any in the city, and to this church they carried Bob. Unlocking the door, they led the way up the steps to the steeple, Bob resisting every step of the way. The old stairs had become very shaky, and before the top of the bellfry was reached further progress had grown rather dangerous. But they went on, and when they reached the top securely tied Bob to a post and went off, leaving him to grind his teeth in helplessness.

Two hours later Mary Warren, a Junior girl, lay dozing in her room when she heard voices outside on the veranda. It proved to be about a dozen Senior boys and girls, and they were laughing heartily over Bob's capture. "He'll never get out of that old steeple," boasted one of the boys. "And we owe it all to Gay, the bravest and cleverest girl in the school. Bob wouldn't have come for anyone else, and now the game is a cinch for us."

Gay laughed. "Oh, it was easy enough, and I was glad to do it for our class. Besides, anyone who lets himself be made a fool of ought to be, I think."

Then they moved on, leaving Mary worried and puzzled. At last it flashed over her just what it all meant. Seizing her hat, she rushed from the room, down the corridor and out doors. Right there stood the very car in which Bob had been carried off, and not a soul in sight. Jumping in, Mary started the machine, and was off, driving recklessly. In a short time she was at the old church. She found the door locked tight. Running around to the back of the building, she tried all the windows. Locked! Time was flying, and it was nearly time for the game. Glancing around her, her eye fell upon

a brick on the ground. Almost frightened at her own daring, she picked it up and, closing her eyes, threw it with a crash through the window. Then slipping her hand through, she unlatched the window and raised it. Thankful for the fashions that decreed full skirts, she crawled in. Then ran to the entry way, up the rickety stairs and up the hanging ladder. Smothered words concerning the Seniors reached her ears, and she smiled despite her dizziness. At last she was safe in the bellfry. A glad cry came from Bob.

"You're a brick, Mary. How did you know? Will I be there in time for the game? See if you can untie these knots."

Mary worked with all her strength and was finally rewarded. Free and with fighting spirit fully aroused, Bob hastened down the steps, followed by Mary. They nearly fell out of the window in their haste. Mary saw that Bob was too excited to drive so she insisted on driving the car herself. The landscape fairly flew by. Before they could even see the crowds they heard the Seniors yelling, certain of victory. Then they drove up in a cloud of dust, and Bob rushed to the grounds. At sight of him, the Juniors set up such a cheering as has never been equaled. The Seniors were surprised into silence, a heretofore unheard of event. The umpire shook Bob by the hand warmly, and then the game was on. And it was a wonderful game! Over the field they surged, backward and forward, tackling and running. Every man played his best, and nobody seemed to tire. The score was now a tie and the game nearly finished, when Bob slipped through the line, jumped, and, dodging several opponents, made for the goal with the ball in hand.

The crowd cheered themselves hoarse, while, led by Mary, the Juniors could be heard above all, giving the class yell and spurring Bob on to greater effort, and he made it. A touchdown. Then it was all over with a score of nine to four in favor of the Juniors. The fellows seized Bob, and, lifting him on their shoulders, carried him across the field amid the cheering and flying of pennants. They deposited him close to the Junior Class. Mary was waiting, flushed and happy. A little in the background stood Gay, motioning to Bob. He shook his head slightly and turned away. Then he took Mary by the hand and off they ran, and after that—well, after that Bob preferred to loyalty and bravery of a little Junior girl to the cleverness of a dignified Senior.

LEORENA SHIPLEY, '16.



SOPHOMORE'S WANDER, OCTOBER 24, 1914

On the afternoon of October 24, the members of the Second Year Class, armed with pails "wienies" and all of the trimmings, journeyed to the banks of Little Colorado for a moonlight feed. Everyone had a hilarious time despite the fact that the chaperons insisted on an early return home.

HALLOWEEN BALL, OCTOBER 31, 1914

The Annual Senior Halloween Ball has become an event looked forward to by the whole school. The party was a great success in every way. The Electric was decorated with autumn leaves, pumpkins, black cats, witches, and it was very appropriate. A large crowd attended; the music was of the best, and all voted it the one best event of the season.

SOPH-FRESH JOLLIFICATION, NOVEMBER 21, 1914

The reception cards tendered the incoming class held on the above date surpassed all expectations. The faculty and all students were invited to witness the entertainment, which took the form of an indoor field meet.

Three teams, captained by Sophomores and composed mostly of Freshmen, were pitted against each other in many strenuous events. The stunts were the funniest we ever witnessed, and the roars of laughter from the onlookers must have

been audible for blocks. Dancing followed, and, after a dainty lunch in the Domestic Science rooms, everyone voted the evening a success.

JUNIOR DANCE, DECEMBER 15, 1914

Following the class play, "The Burglar," a very delightful dance was tendered the school. The evening was an enjoyable one especially as all the boys were seeking opportunities of dancing with sure 'nuf actresses.

SENIOR BREAKFAST, 8:00 A. M., DECEMBER 18, 1914

On the morning of December 18 the ten members of the Senior English Class, with Miss Clymer and Mr. Cornelius, gathered in the High School dining room for the first time. After a delicious repast, with George Sampson acting as toastmaster, the members were given an opportunity to respond to toasts. The toasts were excellent. The breakfast was the outcome of Pete's declaring that a person could not give an after-dinner speech until after the eats.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE RECEPTION

One week after Thanksgiving the girls of the Domestic Science Classes gave a reception to their parents and friends in the new department and adjoining rooms. Everything was perfectly appointed, and the refreshments were excellent.

NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL, DECEMBER 31, 1914

The second ball of the year was held at the Electric with the Seniors acting as hosts and hostesses. It was well attended, and everyone reported a good time.

FEED-DANCE IN HONOR OF J. H. S., JANUARY 22, 1915

Following the basketball game all adjourned to Maccabee Hall to try out the new steps. The Jerome boys all enjoyed themselves, and they claimed the lunch helped greatly to assuage the pangs of defeat.

PRE-LENTEN DANCE, FEBRUARY 6, 1915

Immediately after the class play the Senior girls staged the pre-Lenten party at the Electric. The largest crowd of the year was present; over a hundred couples tripped to the music of the Winslow Orchestra. As is usual with Senior parties, everybody had fun, and lots of it.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY, FEBRUARY 17, 1915

May Proctor acted as hostess to her class at her home on Saturday evening, February 17. The evening was spent play-

ing cards and plotting against antagonistic classes. A buffet luncheon was served at 11 o'clock, followed by short talks by the Class Advisor, Mr. Brubaker, and Wm. Wright, Jr.

NEEDLES HIGH SCHOOL, FEBRUARY 27, 1915

On Saturday evening the Needles basketball team was entertained at the High School by the High School girls. Dancing and cards were features of the evening's entertainment. A luncheon was served in the Domestic Science rooms at 11 o'clock. Afterwards a large number of those present accompanied the visiting team to their train.

JUNIOR BROWSE, MARCH 12, 1915

Commemorating the flag rush of the afternoon, the Misses Dadey and Drumm entertained their classmates at the home of the latter. Games and a musical program were the feature of the evening. Refreshments were served late—very late.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY BALL, MARCH 17, 1915

Too much in praise of the committee in charge of this ball cannot be said. It was perfect. The programs were of the daintiest. It was the best of all. A classy affair.

DRAMATICS



| | | |
|---|-------------------------------|---------------|
| I. THE BURGLAR | { School Auditorium | Dec. 9, 1914 |
| II. FLORADORA SEXTETTE | } Electric Theatre | Dec. 15, 1914 |
| III. OUR AUNT FROM CALIFORNIA | Electric Theatre | Dec. 15, 1914 |
| IV. THE RUNAWAYS | Electric Theatre | Feb. 6, 1915 |
| V. A REGIMENT OF TWO | Electric Theatre | Feb. 16, 1915 |
| | ? | ? |

THE BURGLAR

PEGGY
WINIFRED WAITE

MABEL
ELLA DADLEY

EDITH
MAY PROCTOR



VALERIE
MARGUERITE DRUMM

FREDA
RUBY CASSIN

This little farce-comedy was prepared first for the Parent-Teachers' Association. It met with such success that it was given, by request, again at the Electric. All of the characters were good—exceptionally good. Perhaps Winifred Waite, as

Peggy, was a trifle more scared than the others, but certainly the bravery of Valerie and Freda more than made up for it. Mabel, as the fiancée, was brave, very brave, in the face of danger, but Edith's extraordinary suggestions certainly "took the cake." We liked them all, and would like to see it again.

OUR AUNT FROM CALIFORNIA



CAST

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| FELICIA NEEDEY . . . | LOUISE DADEY, '15 |
| ROSALIE NEEDEY . . . | JESSIE BUTNER, '15 |
| SALLIE NEEDEY . . . | GLADYS FCUTS, '15 |

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| MRS. NEEDEY . . . | ALIE ILER, '15 |
| DRESSMAKER . . . | ALMA NORMAN, '15 |
| MRS. MONTOBURN . . . | IVA CASSIN, '15 |

Nothing but praise was heard about this play, the first strictly Senior production in High School. Everyone distinguished themselves and were quite properly extinguished at the denouement. The Needeys were fine and as good bits of characterization as could readily be found. Sallie,

especially, seemed very adept with the drug store complexion box. The other sisters were typical and handled their lines excellently. Mrs. Montoburn, the haughty dowager, was especially good. The minor parts, Mrs. Needeys and the Dressmaker, were handled well and added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

THE RUNAWAYS

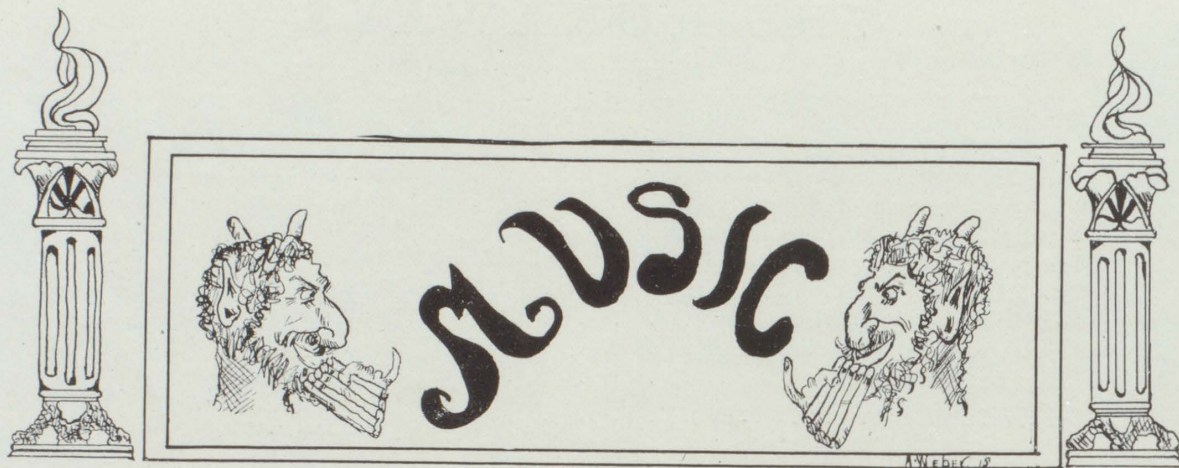
CAST

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| JEAN McLEAN, <i>the Governor's daughter</i> | LEORENA SHIPLEY, '16 |
| MRS. JUNIPER, <i>married a year</i> | ALLIE EUBANKS, '16 |
| VICTORIA, <i>a suspected diamond thief</i> | RUBY CASSIN, '16 |
| TEXANA, <i>whose favorite expression was "My Landsa Lena"</i> | FRANCES PARKS, '16 |
| TED KEEGAN, <i>a ready Broadwayite</i> | WILLIAM WRIGHT, '16 |
| MAX JUNIPER, <i>also married a year</i> | LEE EASTMAN, '16 |
| ALONZO WILLING, <i>an amorous wooer</i> | GEORGE DRUMM, '16 |
| JAMES LARABEE, <i>sheriff</i> | G. W. BRUBAKER |
| DEPUTY SHERIFFS | {HAYES LA PRADE, '17 |
| | {WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, '17 |

Scene: Living room on Max Juniper's Texas ranch.

The dramatic editor believes that he is safe in calling the above the best amateur production ever given in Winslow. In fact, such comments were heard everywhere immediately after the play. The four acts were teeming with dramatic situations that were handled beautifully. Texana struck our fancy as being about the best ever; everyone knew that Texas was her home. Jean and Victoria played opposing parts splendidly,

and handled the situations as though born to it. Mrs. Juniper was good. All the male characters were good, although we personally were strong for Alonzo. The sheriff was too serious for us. We don't like the name jail, and the sheriff seemed too much at home in the part. Ted and Max will do, and do well, placed in any place. The deputies . . . Oh, that's too much; forgive them for they know not what—



| | | |
|---------------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| <i>Band Leader</i> | | A. J. LA BERGE |
| <i>Orchestra Leader</i> | | A. J. LA BERGE |
| <i>Girls' Choral Club</i> | | M. BELLE OAKLEY |
| <i>Glee Club</i> | | M. BELLE OAKLEY |

W. H. S.



BAND

H. LA PRADE, M. LA PRADE, G. DRUMM, R. SUTHERLAND, K. COOPER, A. COOPER,
LAWRENCE LEE, LEE EASTMAN, W. CRESWELL, JOSEPH TULLY, G. HERRON,
JOSEPH CROZIER, WILL GATES, C. EASTMAN, WILL WRIGHT, J. SUTHERLAND,
ALVA STEGMEIER, L. ORTHOBER, G. SAMPSON, CHARLES STEGMEIER,
A. J. LA BERGE, Leader

W. H. S.



Orchestra

HELEN TULLY *First Violin*
NELLIE HENDERSON *First Violin*
LEE EASTMAN *Trombone*
RUBY CASSIN *Piano*
WINIFRED WAITE *Piano*

RAY SUTHERLAND *First Cornet*
ALVA STEGMEIER *Second Cornet*
GEORGE SAMPSON *Clarinet*
WILLIAM WRIGHT *Traps*
A. J. LA BERGE, Leader *Violin*

ATHLETICS

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| <i>Basket Ball</i> | { Capt. '15—HAYES LA PRADE { Capt. '13-'14—GEO. DRUMM |
| <i>Baseball</i> | GEO SAMPSON |
| <i>Tennis</i> | MR. BRUBAKER |
| <i>Track</i> | JOHN DRUMM |

BASKET BALL RESUME

FACULTY, 16; W. H. S., 50—NOVEMBER 24, 1914

Hi got off to a good start by trimming Coach Brubaker's pets 50-16. The teachers played a good game, but were out-classed at every angle. Sutherland starred for Hi, while Mr. Brubaker showed us that he knew the game. An easy victory, and it made us overconfident.

HOLBROOK A. C., 14; W. H. S., 12—NOVEMBER 26, 1914

Overconfidence spells the above score. In any case, we were good losers, and the Holbrook boys good winners. It was a hard fought game throughout. Brinkerhoff of Holbrook played a star game. La Prade did the best work for us.

NAVAJO ELECTRIC INDIANS, 22; W. H. S., 39—DEC. 5, 1914

The above shows that we could come back, and did. The Indians are the fastest floor team of the year but weak on baskets. All Hi players were at their best.

HOLBROOK A. C. VS. W. H. S.—DEC. 12, 1914—CANCELLED

JEROME H. S., 11; W. H. S., 30—JANUARY 23, 1915

An easy game for Hi as the Jerome players had but little training for the game. The last half was played by substi-

tutes for W. H. S. La Prade distinguished himself by a magnificent shot, netting Jerome two points. A fine bunch of boys, and we want to meet them again.

NAVAJO ELECTRIC, 20; W. H. S., 42—FEBRUARY 2, 1915

Another decisive defeat, settling beyond doubt that the city championship falls to us for another year. Wright and Eastman played a splendid defensive game.

SNOWFLAKE ACADEMY, 33; W. H. S., 19—FEBRUARY 13, 1915

We stubbed our toe and lost to the best scholastic team in the State. They are big fellows, and some players, as well as splendid sportsmen. Sutherland being out of the game crippled our chances. Too much buzz saw. 'Nuf said.

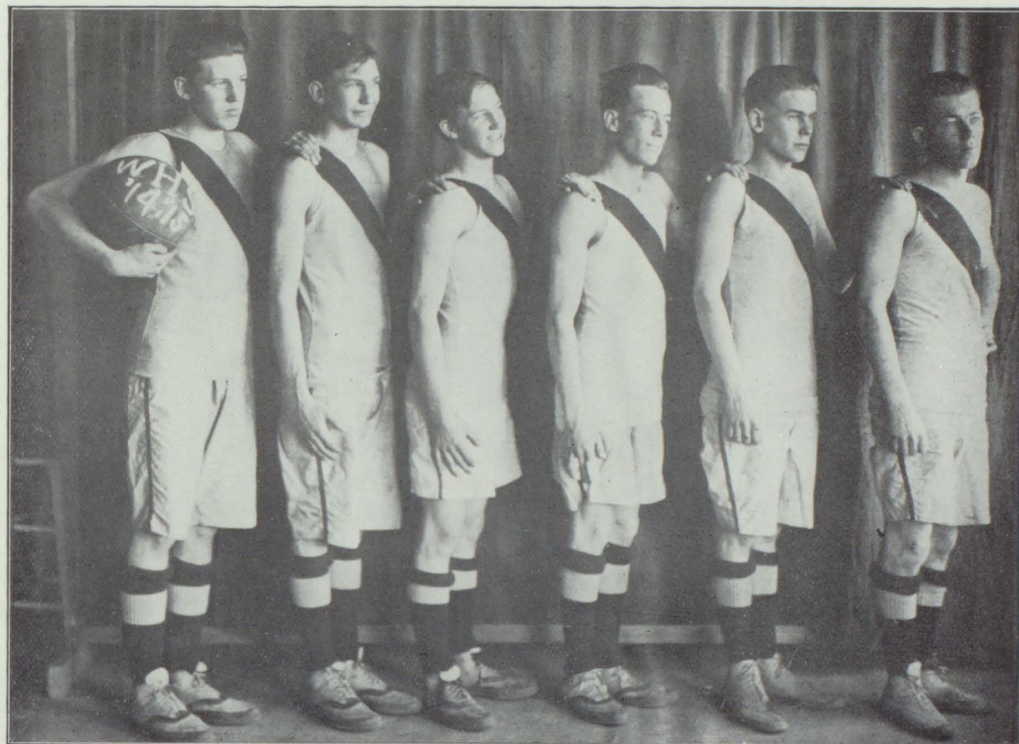
NEEDLES H. S., 20; W. H. S., 42—FEBRUARY 27, 1915

Needles High journeyed 600 miles to take a nice lacing. Sutherland and Sampson were our stars, while Parker of N. H. S. looked good to us. They are good losers.

W. H. S., 20; NEEDLES H. S., 9—MARCH 20, 1915

We enjoyed our return game with Needles, and also brought home the bacon. It was some trip as we were away nearly three days.

'Varsity



1914-'15

LA PRADÉ, c. SUTHERLAND, r. f. SAMPSON, f.
EASTMAN, guard WRIGHT, guard DRUMM, l. f.
Winslow H. S., 256; all others, 143

1914



Squad

Standing
SAMPSON, SUTHERLAND, EASTMAN, LA PRADE, WRIGHT, DRUMM
Seated
LEE, L. SUTTON, CRESWELL, P. SUTTON, HAYES LA PRADE

TRACK

Expense prohibits our participating in the State Meet this year. Interclass, informal meets are common at High. Next year we expect— Well, we

expect to set some good records. Below are appended a few of the marks set up for others to shoot at.

| | | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------|-----------|--------------------------|------|
| 100-yard dash | 10 3-5 sec. | | Lloyd Parks | 1912 |
| 220-yard dash | 24 sec. | | Lloyd Parks | 1913 |
| 440-yard run | 57 sec. | | Ira Hansbro | 1912 |
| 880-yard run | 2.15 1-5 | | Lloyd Parks | 1912 |
| Discus | 100 ft. | | Ray Sutherland | 1915 |
| Shot put | 39 ft. 6 in. | | Hayes La Prade | 1914 |
| Running high jump | 5 ft. 3 in. | | John Drumm | 1913 |
| Running broad jump | 19 ft. 8 in. | | John Drumm | 1913 |
| Pole vault | 8 ft. 8 in. | | Ira Hansbro | 1914 |

BASEBALL

The 1915 team has recently opened the practice season. But little can be said at this writing as to the personnel of the team, but it will be composed chiefly of members of the Freshman Class. In the first game North School got away with a victory,

12 to 10, but a few days later High School, after practicing hard, administered a decisive defeat to North, to the score of 15 to 8. Crozier, L. Sutton, Vargas, P. Sutton, Erickson, Driver, Ross and C. Eastman are sure to compose the fielding part of the team.

TENNIS CLUB

The tennis season opened with a vim in the early part of March. For some unaccountable reason everyone had the inspiration about the same time. Simultaneously racquets, tennis shoes and middy

blouses appeared. After a short time the enthusiasts assembled, organized a club, rolled the courts and arranged the tournaments. The membership is limited.

ROLL

MAY PROCTOR
MARGUERITE DRUMM
ELLA DADEY
ALLIE EUBANKS
IVA CASSIN
RUBY CASSIN

LOUISE DADEY
GLADYS FOUTS
JESSIE BUTNER
PARKER PINGREY
G. W. BRUBAKER
STERLING ROSS

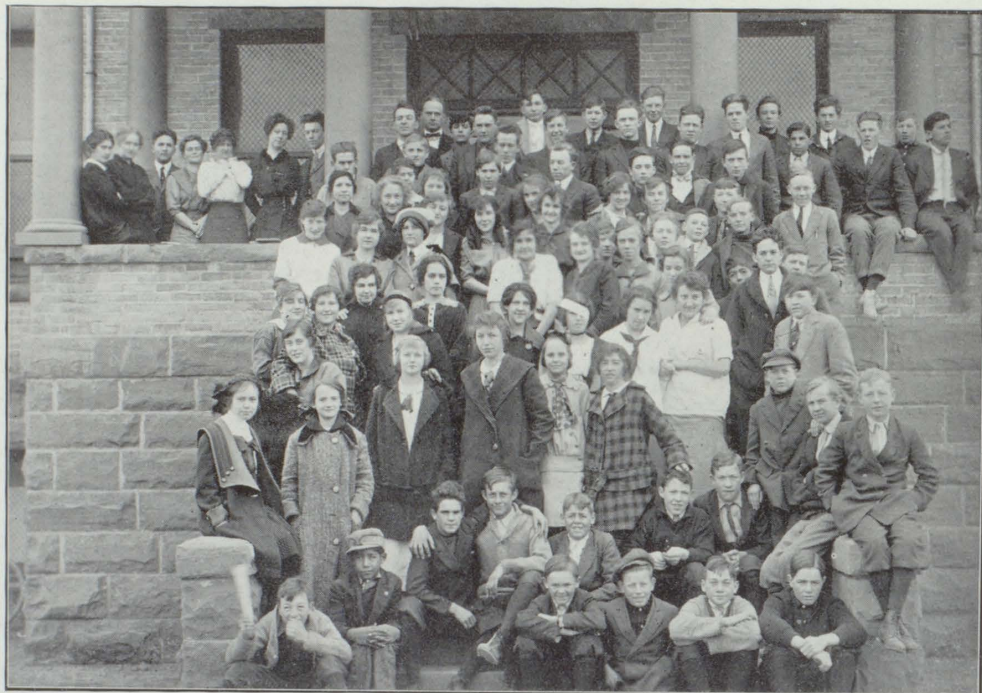
LEE EASTMAN
CHARLES EASTMAN
MAYES LA PRADE
WALTER CRESWELL
GELERT RAMAGE
HAYES LA PRADE

GIRL'S BASKET BALL, 1914

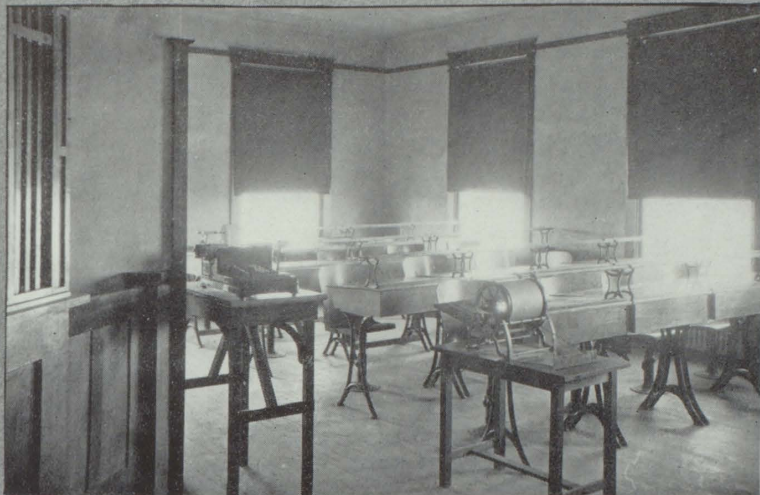
Games were played with many teams of High Schools in Northern Arizona. We were defeated twice by Prescott High, the last game, at Prescott, ending 13-12. We defeated the Williams H. S. in two games, and lost one game to the Flagstaff State Normal. The team line up was as follows: Clara

Allen, Jessie Butner, Rose Downs, Leorena Shipley, Ella Dadey and Wilma Mahoney. No team was organized this year, due to lack of interest on the part of the girls. It seems a pity, inasmuch as this is the only High School without a girls' team in New Mexico or Arizona.

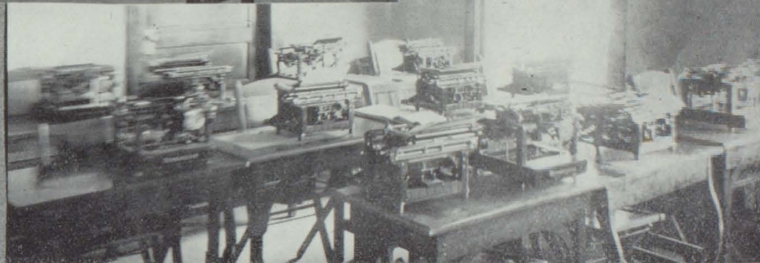




We 'uns



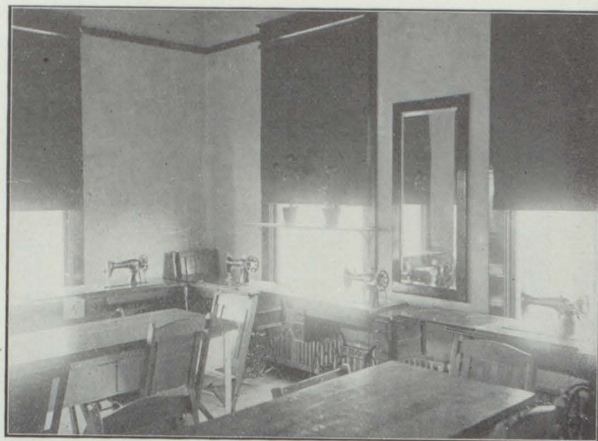
Book Keeping Room



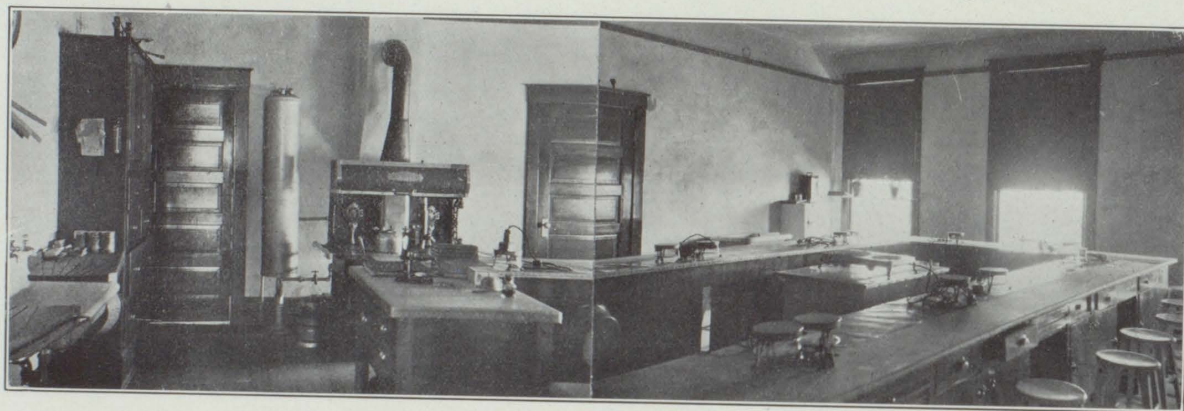
Typewriting Room



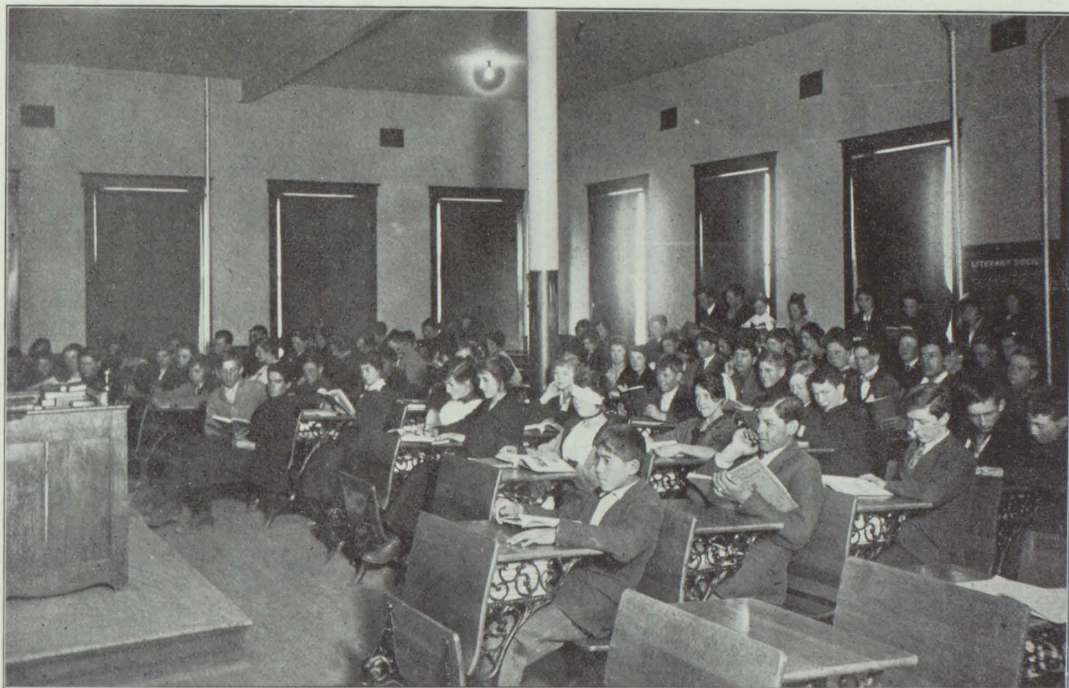
Dining Room



Sewing Room



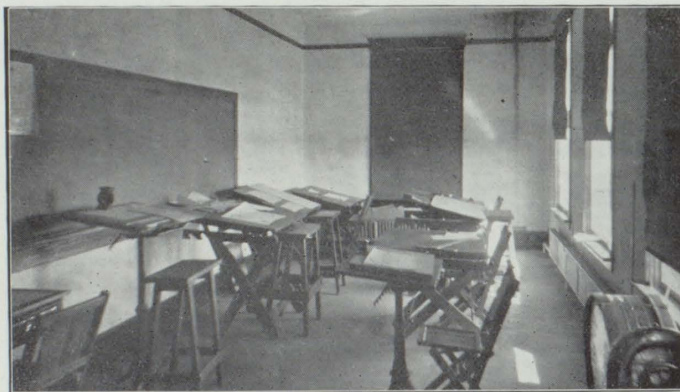
Cooking Laboratory



Assembly



High School Library



Draughting



*Mathematics
Languages*

English

*History
Special*

ACADEMIC CLASSROOMS



Physics Laboratory



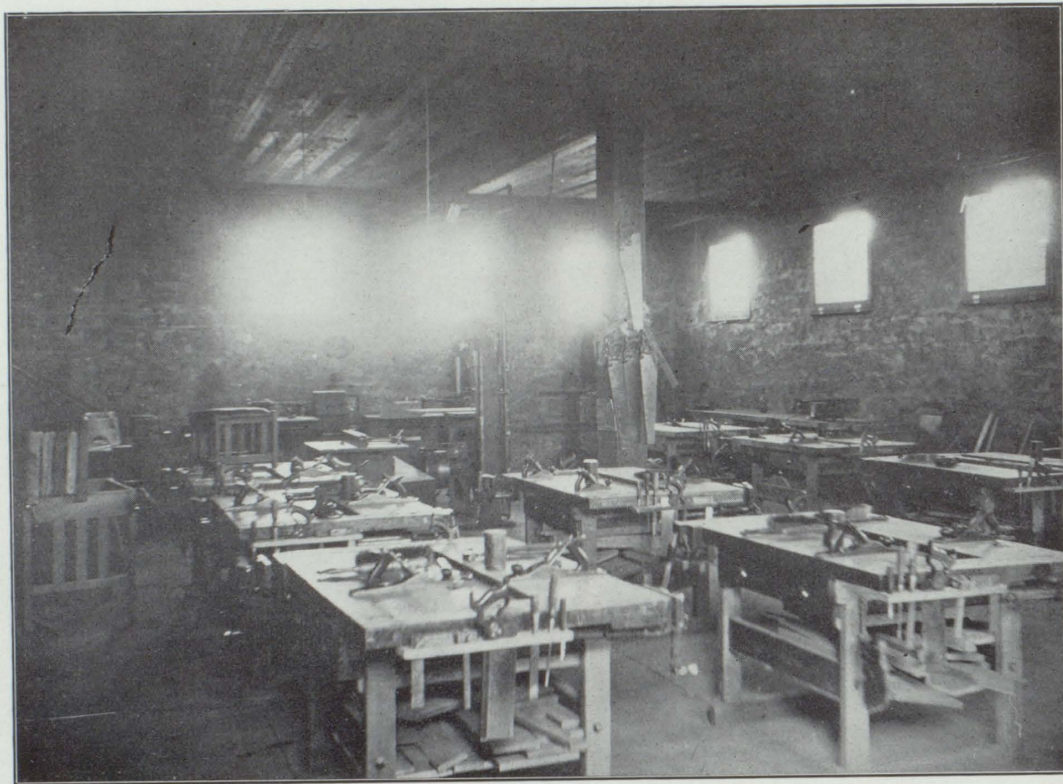
Chemistry Laboratory



Superintendent's Office



High School Office



Manual Training and Machine Room

HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE, 1914-'15

AUGUST

31. Registration day. Public schools, 522; High School, 71.

SEPTEMBER

1. School opens with a buzz (saw). Fourteen grade teachers, eight supervisors and H. S.
2. Freshies bewildered by sartorial magnificence of P. D. Q. Wright, '16.
3. By-Laws read by Mr. Brubaker.
4. First concert by H. S. Band. Very raw, indeed.
7. Senior Class organizes. R. Weber president, etc. Very peaceful.
- 10-11. Inferior classes, like '16 and '29, attempt to organize. Very poor taste to attempt to organize the unorganizable.
14. Driver appears only two weeks late. Enrolls in Manual Arts this time.
16. Sophomore loom on horizon as entertainers. Some party.
17. Senior boys appear with red socks. Senior girls . . . dismayed. Fire sale.
18. Driver disappears. When last seen was headed East—Texas.

21. H. S. Orchestra makes its debut. A decided success.
23. Enrollment reaches 600.
24. H. S. Band makes its first appearance at Progressive rally. There was a tremendous audience of eight. Capt. A——, head of the party, claims the music kept them all outside, so all adjourn and play at the Electric for free tickets. Electric crowded.
28. "A Regiment of Two," mobilized and recruited by Miss Stratton.
29. The Regiment drills, and marches, and marches, and drills, and——
30. Cast of R. O. T. changed for first time.

OCTOBER

1. Regiment band responds to the call to arms.
2. H. S. Orchestra makes its first P. T. A. appearance.
6. Basketball squad called out. Twenty candidates on hand.
8. Sampson gets his locks shorn. His strength departs.
9. Regiment of Two marches to battle. It is defeated and needs recruits.
- 12-16. Institute vacation.
16. Miss Caldwell married at Flagstaff. Oh! History!

21. Vacation. Caldwell. Nixon, married, resigned. Lord. Hose. Coyne. Wails.
23. Indoor Field Meet. A. Weber's team wins. Wright protests but is ruled out by Prof. C.
26. Rush to Office. Mr. B. re-reads By-Laws and enforces same. See September 3.
27. Mr. Hazard speaks to H. S. We like you; come again.
28. We get fifteen blue ribbons from Northern Arizona Fair. Also many reds.
29. Mr. Lord arrives to take up Miss Caldwell's work. E'clat also gobang.
30. "A Regiment of Two" is routed and badly wounded. Is sent to hospital.

NOVEMBER

3. The Regiment expires at an early hour. No mourners. No flowers. No obsequies.
4. Election day. Many boys make \$10 apiece electioneering.
6. Driver re-appears and states that his health demanded a vacation in Texas.
7. Scrub team wallops regulars. Mr. B. "If Suttons would only grow."
10. A new club called "The Fainters" organized.

11. The boys find a new occupation. Motto: "Newly-weds keep off the prairie when within range of the big telescope."
12. "How to Be a Lady," by Mr. B., rendered before a large audience in Assembly.
13. Suffragettes organize for mutual protection. L. Dadey, president; J. Butner, secretary.
17. University Extension train spends day in city. We noticed that the fruit was all chained and padlocked this time. Must be they remembered last year.
18. Eastman discovers a new comet with big telescope. Others insist it was a whisker.
20. Chem. III causes abandonment of H. S. Hydrogen disulfide, they called it. We guess it was.
21. Class party followed by classier parties from all reports.
24. W. H. S., 50; Faculty Polecats, 16. We were there, and it was fun.
25. Faculty out of sorts and the male members very lame and stiff.
27. W. H. S., 12; Holbrook A. C., 14.
27. F. Parks re-enters school and life becomes worth living.
27. Toasts for Senior breakfast? Senior orators have full play and rise to sublime heights.
28. The Ananias Club reorganizes. President as yet undetected.
29. Senior dancing party.

DECEMBER

2. Annual Senior breakfast. Weber breaks a kneecap, and Wright stars.
4. Chem.-Physics classes go to ice plant. Sampson lost, but is found in the boiler room endeavoring to keep boiler warm.
7. Frank Driver re-enrolls. Is now taking special substitute course.
8. Domestic Science reception to parents, teachers and friends.
9. Wright claims to have completed his work in Logarithms in English III. He makes a hit.
10. N. E. Co., 22; W. H. S., 39. La Prade draws first blood.
11. Eighth grade makes a break for liberty and lands in the hoosegow.
12. Miss S. dreams of the dairy ranch in California and of cows giving milk the year 'round.
14. A new diamond is seen glittering in the Language classroom.
15. School decides to contribute a patent milker to the dairy project. Class in Animal Husbandry organized.
15. Junior play, "The Burglar"—"The Floradora Sextette."
18. The Famous Players B. B. F. E. go to Holbrook and show the natives some classy stuff.
19. Xmas vacation in everybody's mind.
21. S. S. S. Cantata. Proceeds used to buy new Victrola for S. S. S.
22. Xmas holidays begin.

JANUARY

1. Senior ball at Electric.
4. Many new students enroll. Enrollment greatest in history.
5. Sophs organize but end in a classical row. Words merely words.
6. A new banner is seen on the horizon. It read, "Watch '16."
7. Seniors watch same, to its sorrow.
8. Assembly. Lecture. Subject. Attendance. Result. Nix.
11. Domestic Science IV entertains sub-rosa.
13. Semester exams.
14. Semester exams.
15. Grief. Mourners' bench is nearly empty.
18. Psychology IV organized. Latin I divided into two sections, and other humorous schedule changes announced.
20. German classes decide to organize a Deutcher verein. Whatever that is.
21. Play, "Starring in the Office." Cast: E. Dadey as Faith, R. Cassin as Hope, L. Shipley as Charity, Mr. Brubaker as Despair, and Mr. Cornelius as the Man Higher Up.
22. Jerome H. S., 11; W. H. S., 30. Hayes La Prade helps Jerome lose.
23. Practice begins for "Our Aunt from California."

25. "A Regiment of Two" comes to live for a second time but is firmly put back in its grave.
26. We get our first taste of Victrola Life, and like it very much.
29. Alta Drumm breaks world tardiness record. As she arrives at school she meets herself going home.

FEBRUARY

1. Miss Clymer loops the gap and works the Junior Class over. Blue Monday.
1. Sutherland tries to push circular saw with fingers. Result, painful.
2. W. H. S., 42; N. Electric, 20.
3. Mr. C. tramps on Joe's pet lizard. Biology class ruined.
4. Miss Stratton ill with tonsillitis but suffers relapse.
- 5-6-7. Pictures, pictures, pictures.
6. Mary, Carmen and Louise visit Ruby Hills. Mr. B. guides them back to U. S.
10. Those '15 pins arrived.
11. Sampson refuses to wear his signboard, and causes Civil War of 1915.
12. Assembly worked over thoroughly. Where do we sit?
13. W. H. S., 19; Snowflake A., 33.
14. Admission Day. No holiday. Sunday. Sad.
16. "The Runaways," the hit of the season.

19. A. Drumm arrives at 11:20 A. M.
22. H. S. picnic.
23. Spring poets in evidence. Poetry poor but spirit good.
24. Louise sits in the cake sixth period.
25. Band starts to March 13 and Pete hits her on the head. Busted cerebellum.
27. Needles H. S., 20; W. H. S., 42.

MARCH

3. Soldiers' Chorus rendered by H. S. grenadiers.
4. Editors begin to look worried and Ramage rampages.
5. A. Weber cartoons all in. Violent protests from the wounded at having their sacred memories scored so brutally.
8. A certain young lady is excused as she thinks she is going to faint. Investigation showed that Domestic Art I test was held soon after.
10. H. S., 16; N. S., 17. Some game.
11. Stegmeier and Sutherland get Spring fever. They play the Spring Song.
15. Trustees inspect H. S.
17. High School St. Patrick's Day ball at Electric.
20. Needles H. S., 9; W. H. S., 20.

Here endeth our tale as we do not feel competent to prophesy what might happen in the next two months.

HIGH SCHOOL COURSES OF STUDY

College Preparatory

Sem. I.

Sem. II.

Freshmen

Latin I or Spanish I
German I
*English I
Physiography
*Algebra
Ancient History

Latin I or Spanish I
German I
*English I
Physiography
*Algebra
Ancient History

Sophomore

Latin II or Spanish II
German II
*English II
*Botany Laboratory
*Primary Geometry

Latin II or Spanish II
German II
*English II
*Botany Laboratory
*Primary Geometry

Junior

Latin III or Spanish III
German III
*English III
Chemistry Laboratory
Modern Medical History
*Advanced Algebra

Latin III or Spanish III
German III
*English III
Chemistry Laboratory
Modern Medical History
*Solid Geometry

General Course

Sem. I.

Sem. II.

Freshmen

*English I
*Algebra
Bookkeeping
Manual Training
Typewriting
Commercial Geography

*English I
*Algebra
Bookkeeping
Manual Training
Typewriting
Commercial Arithmetic

Sophomore

*English II
Elementary Stenography
Typewriting
Mechanical Drawing
Woodwork
Domestic Science—Serving
Commercial English
Composition—Printing

*English II
Elementary Stenography
Typewriting
Mechanical Drawing
Woodwork
Domestic Science—Serving
Commercial English
Composition—Printing

Junior

*English III
Advanced Stenography
Advanced Typewriting
Advanced Woodwork
*Chemistry
Sewing
History Music

*English III
Advanced Stenography
Advanced Typewriting
Advanced Woodwork
*Chemistry
Sewing
Theory Music

HIGH SCHOOL COURSES OF STUDY—Continued

College Preparatory

Sem. I.

Sem. II.

Senior

Latin IV
 *Physics Laboratory
 English IV
 Trigonometry
 *American History
 Economics
 Psychology

Latin IV
 *Physics Laboratory
 English IV
 Plane Surveying
 *American History
 Economics
 Methods

General Course

Sem. I.

Sem. II.

Senior

*Commercial Law
 *Physics
 Ironwork
 Forge
 Telegraphy—Wireless
 Stenography
 History Art

*Commercial Law
 *Physics
 Ironwork
 Forge
 Telegraphy—Wireless
 Stenography
 Theory Art

SHORT VOCATIONAL COURSE

First Year

Elementary Stenography
 Typewriting
 Commercial Arithmetic
 Woodwork
 Mechanical Drawing
 Domestic Science
 Machine Practice

Elementary Stenography
 Typewriting
 Commercial Geography
 Woodwork
 Mechanical Drawing
 Domestic Science
 Commercial Engineering

Second Year

Manual Training
 Advanced Stenography
 Advanced Typewriting
 Bookkeeping
 Commercial Law
 Advanced Mechanical Drawing
 Sewing
 Telegraphy

Manual Training
 Advanced Stenography
 Advanced Typewriting
 Bookkeeping
 Commercial Law
 Advanced Mechanical Drawing
 Sewing
 Telegraphy

*Subjects must be taken in order to complete the course. In the short vocational courses any four elective subjects can be taken in either year. More than four subjects in one semester is discouraged.

FACULTY

1915-1916

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| G. E. CORNELIUS . . . | <i>City Superintendent</i> |
| G. W. BRUBAKER . . . | <i>High School</i> |
| C. C. GROVER . . . | <i>High School</i> |
| PEARL CLYMER . . . | <i>High School</i> |
| MAY ANDERSON . . . | <i>High School</i> |
| MAE McMILLIN . . . | <i>Commercial</i> |
| A. J. LA BERGE . . . | <i>Manual Arts, Band</i> |
| PAULINE HILLIARD . . . | <i>Domestic Arts</i> |
| M. BELLE OAKLEY . . . | <i>Music</i> |
| ESTHER CARLSON . . . | <i>Art</i> |
| BERTHA WHILLOCK . . . | 7 |
| STELLA BRIGGS . . . | 6 |
| JENNIE MACMILLAN . . . | 5 |
| HELEN MAXHAM . . . | 4 |
| ALMA ROSS . . . | 3-4 |
| MARY BROWN . . . | 3 |
| MYRA CLYMER . . . | 2 |
| THERESA WHITE . . . | 2—Lib. |
| MARY WEINERT . . . | 1 |
| ULAH HUDLOW . . . | 1 |
| GERTRUDE HACKLEY . . . | 1 |
| MARJORIE BOLES . . . | 1 |

HIGH SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENT

(Copied)

Winslow has a modern High School with eighteen rooms; hot water heat, hot and cold water, electric lighted, telephones, bubbling fountains, Frick clock and bell system, piano, Victrola, etc.

The Assembly room is 55 by 35, and contains room for 200 study desks.

The four Academic classrooms are on the same floor. Each is large enough to accommodate a class of thirty-six.

Physics Laboratory is splendidly equipped with over \$3,000 worth of apparatus.

Chemistry and General Science Laboratory has been newly equipped at an expense of \$1,600.

Manual Arts rooms have motors, lathes, jointer circular saw, band saw, mortiser, etc., and individual equipment for twenty.

Domestic Arts Department has a cooking laboratory, a sewing and fitting room and a dining room. This is one of the most complete departments of its kind.

Commercial Department occupies two rooms, and is equipped with sixteen bookkeeping desks, fifteen typewriters, Burroughs adding machine, Wahl adder, Rotary mimeograph, etc.

The Library occupies a separate room, and in it will be found 1,000 volumes of reference and 700 of fiction. Sixty periodicals come regularly to the Library.

The Draughting Department is fully equipped.

The Band and Orchestra room and the School Offices are located on the third floor.

ODE TO POETRY

*Gosh Whack! Ain't it awful?
But Miss Clymer says it's lawful
To make us kids suffer so
Writin' poetry, don't you know.*

*I ain't got no magination,
Never had no eddication
For writin' all this stilted stuff,
My whole poem's just a bluff.*

*Honest, I've spent a lot of time,
Just to make the few lines rime,
You don't know what I've been through,
Please, Miss Clymer, say it'll do.*

—JESSIE BUTNER, '15.

US POETS

*Us poets does have an awful time,
Raking our brains for a poor little rhyme;
This old Annual makes us tired,*

If we don't get the dōpe, tho,

We'll all be fired;

No one knows what deep thot it takes

To write a little poem

You can read in two shakes.

Some be poets and some there ain't,

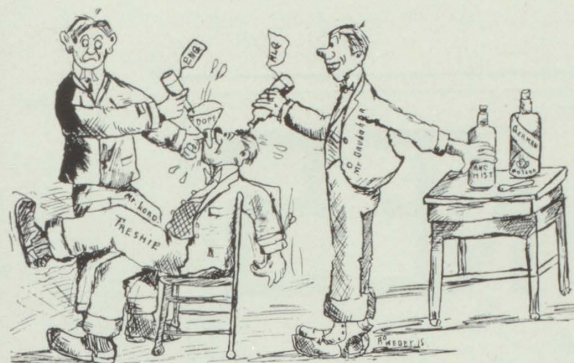
But I'll be jigged, I know I ain't.

—M. DRUMM, '16.

ODE TO PETE

*What a noble piece of work is Pete;
How grand in reason,
How infinite in faculties;
In action, how like an angel;
In apprehension, how like a god;
The beauty of Hi School.
Take him all in all, I
Shall not look upon his like again.*

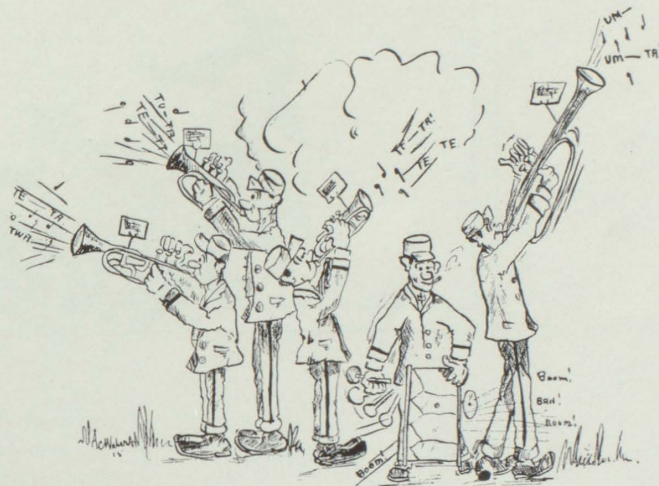
—Contributed.



DOCTORING UP A FRESHIE



9:10



OUR BAND



*If you think these saws are old
And should be on the shelf,
Suppose you get a hustle on, and
Ship us a few, yourself.*

Miss C. (*feelingly in Eng. Lit. Class*): What could be more sad than a man without a country?

Iva C.: A country without a man.

FOND PAPA: Why, Daniel, do you mean to tell me that you broke the Sabbath to earn two dollars?

DAN: Well, pa, one of us had to be broke.

JOHN D.: Mr. L., what is an escutcheon?

MR. L.: Why?

J. D.: Why my history says there was a blot on his escutcheon.

MR. L.: Oh, yes! An escutcheon is a light vest. He probably carried a fountain pen.

AIDS TO WORK

Sutherland and his cornet from 12:45 to 1:15.

The pencil sharpeners.

Weber and his wanderings. He weighs 150, but walks like a ton.

Those darned saws, lathes and jointers.

Joe Crozier building a new desk. Rat-a-tat-tat tat-tat tat.

Wright and his drum.

Life, Judge and Cartoons.

Alys and her powder puff, chamois and glass.

Kleiny and his horselaugh. North School, take notice.

Chem. III and the rotten egg gas generator.

As I was about to, *u'hem*, say when, *u'hem*, you go, *u'hem*, to the *u'hem*.

Billie Carroll and his pocket full of candy.

Mr. La Berge and his long-winded speeches.

Boze and the piano during Music period.

LOUISE: I wonder how many boys will be made unhappy when I marry?

JESSIE: Why, honey, how many do you expect to marry?

MISS WHILLOCK: What is the elephant hunted for, Leo?

LEO: Magazine articles.

Our opinion of the meanest man in the world is the fellow who subscribes to this paper and then never pays his subscription. The second meanest one is the knocker. The third—oh, why go on and enumerate?

“Really, Cholly, there is nowthin in the world as mawgneeficent as a State Normal student on a visit to a High School. Do tell.”

MRS. J.: Do you ever flatter Mr. C.?

MRS. C.: Yes; I sometimes ask his advice about something.

MR. LORD: How was Alexander III of Russia killed?

EASTMAN: By a bomb.

MR. LORD: How do you account for that?

EASTMAN: It exploded.

Our opinion of the height of the ridiculous is for the captain of a basketball team to rush madly into the fray, and, in one mad leap, hurl a nice round basketball into his own basket, making the other team two more points.

GEORGE S.: How much does a marriage license cost?

BILL CROZIER: One dollar.

G. S.: But I've only got fifty cents.

B. C.: Well, sonny, you're a lucky boy.

The grinds idea of an eternal job is to get the pictures of the upper classmen. Many of them have the idea that beauty is an essential for a portrait. We advise long conscientious study in a mirror.

MR. B.: Which part of this problem couldn't you get, Leon?

LEON: The answer.

MR. L.: Don't you think the Russian onslaught terrible?

M. D.: Why I've never tried it. Can you show me the steps?

SUTHERLAND (*to Sampson*): Did you tell Weber that I was a fool?

SAMPSON: No; I thought he knew it already.

S.: I see that the Freshmen at the University are forbidden to smoke cigarets.

MRS. S.: O, dear! Now George won't get a bit of exercise.

MISS HILLIARD: Alta, did you wash the fish before you put it in to bake?

ALTA DRUMM: Landsake, what was the use of washing it? It lived all its life in the water.

STRANGER: I like this beautiful little city. I suppose that I can get plenty of oxygen here.

PETE W.: No, siree; this State went dry Jan. 1.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND HELP WINSLOW

IMPOSSIBILITIES

For Frances Parks to keep still.
 For Leorena S. to keep out of trouble.
 For Weber to keep away from electrical instruments.
 For Miss Stratton to forget that diamond.
 For a brother and sister to keep from carrying tales.
 For Pete to quit whacking the big drum.
 For Mr. La Berge to cease talking or Mr. Brubaker to begin.
 For Needles or Jerome to beat us.
 For some folks to quit soreheading over defeats.
 For our town to grow unless you throw away your Sears catalogue.
 For Iva to keep away from Hayes and Ray.
 For Sampson to like his signboard or dislike M'dell.
 For Dan D. to mind his own business.
 For L. Tully to be found where she belongs.
 or
 For us to ever fill this joke column.

Many a 60 H.P. car is pulled out by a Ford, and many a bluffer is depending on the plodding worker for help.

Winslow, Ariz., June 20, 1925.

DEAR ELLA:

It has been nine whole years since I have seen you or heard of you, but upon my arrival here I found out your whereabouts. I am so sorry you are not here for our class reunion. It lasts a week and all the class of "Sweet Sixteen," with the exception of one or two, are here.

Our first meeting was in the Assembly room of the High School, and there we exchanged gruesome tales of our experiences in the past nine years. What will you think when I tell you that May Proctor is editor of the *Winslow Mail*, and has made it one of the leading papers of Arizona (impossible though it may seem)? May has many admirers but has no time for them. Lee Eastman, after making his fortune, entered New York society. And, oh! the hearts he has broken. He could only be with us two days, as his petulant wife disapproved of Winslow. Leorena Shipley is in Congress now. She, too, is unmarried. It would be impossible, you know, to manage a husband and Congress at the same time. M'dell is at the head of a matrimonial bureau. She has done wonders for some of the most impossible girls. Willie Wright has taken his little sword and gone to war. No one has heard of him for years, and they fear the worst. George Drumm is a happy-go-lucky tramp, and makes enough to keep him alive by acting occasionally for cheap vaudeville houses along the way. Ruby Cassin makes an adorable little housewife. She spends all of her time preparing fancy dishes for her husband and darning his socks. Hayes La Prade plays the slide trombone in a Los

Angeles movie show. All of his practicing on "How Can I Leave Thee?" was not in vain, after all. Guess what I have to tell you about Peggy Waite! She and her husband are professional dancers, and have invented some wonderful steps. They are far superior to the Castles. Queenie has aimed high! She comes down to earth occasionally after sailing through the clouds in her own aeroplane. You remember Allie Eubanks? She has given her life to the wounded German soldiers. She married an officer, who was killed three days after the wedding, and poor Allie is a nervous wreck. Lelia Sutton is also famous. She is at the head of a commercial school and teaches some very successful methods.

Agnes Ward is not dead! 'Tis said the good die young, but she didn't. She quarreled with her husband and became a mere shadow just before his death. Pauline Woods leads the Salvation Army every night in front of Kelly's Drug Company, and is such a sincere worker. She looks so sweet and quaint in her little blue and red bonnet.

Do you enjoy your career? It must be grand to be the matinee idol of all those English Lords. My life work is not so thrilling as yours, but I enjoy it and it keeps me busy. I travel about the country advocating the use of jitney busses.

Well, dear, I must go to the last meeting of the Class of 1916. We have planned another reunion for 1935, and how I hope we can all be together once more.

Lovingly yours,

MARGUERITE.

JESSIE: But Red doesn't get a big salary and I don't see how you are going to live.

LEE: Oh, we're going to economize and do without a lot of things he needs.

We notice that Friskie is advertising a Billy Sundae. We hope not.

LEE: I have a swell idea for an Annual story.

GEORGE: Save it, you don't need it for an Annual story.

"Why are children so much worse than they used to be?"
I attribute it to the improved methods of building."

"How so?"

"Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof."

*How dear to our hearts
Was the old rubber hose,
With which we were lammed
In days that are gone.*

OLD LADY (to J. Drumm in Kelleys): Here, boy, I've been waiting some time to be waited on.

JOHN DRUMM: Yes, madam. What can I do for you?

OLD LADY: I want a two-cent stamp.

JOHN DRUMM: Yes, ma'am. Will you have it licked or unlicked?

Our idea of a nice warm time is a flag rush. Excuse me.

MISS CALDWELL: What great man sailed down the Missouri in 1881?

DAN D.: Buffalo Bill.

MISS McM.: Did you see Ralph smile at me?

MISS H.: Oh, that was merely a follow up for the one that went before.

*Little dabs of powder,
Little dabs of paint
Make Marie's freckles
Look as if they ain't.*

We have been requested to announce that at the recent meeting of the Pickle Club the following officers were elected for the coming year

| | | |
|-----------------------|---------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i> | | MR. LORD |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | ALVA STEGMEIER |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | LEE EASTMAN |
| <i>Big Pickle</i> | | LEORENA SHIPLEY |
| <i>Little Pickle</i> | | HELEN TULLY |
| <i>Sweet Pickle</i> | | ELLA DADEY |
| <i>Chief Grouch</i> | | GEORGE SAMPSON |
| <i>Long Grouch</i> | | MISS HILLIARD |
| <i>Short Grouch</i> | | MR. LA BERGE |

Motto—"What difference does it make?"

Color—Blue.

Favorite Fruit—Sour grapes.

Favorite Drink—Vinegar.

PARKER: Mr. Brubaker, what is the rest of that quotation, "Truth is mighty—?"

MR. B.: "Scarce," I reckon.

MISS C.: What is the feminine for vassel, Leon?

LEON: Vasseline.

"Birds of a feather"—"do what?"—"Lay eggs."

Again we wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation for the magnificent way that the school responded to our requests for contributions to the Annual. Nearly eight per cent of the school did something.—Ed.

Nearly forty Freshies next year. Ye gods! Such sport.

Every little pleasure has a knocker all of its own, and Knockers of a stripe flock together.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND HELP
WINSLOW

THE QUESTION BOX

Question—DEAR EDITOR: I would like to know how I can reduce my weight so that I will be thin and spirituelle like Miss S.—AGNES.

Answer—DEAR AGNES: Keep one foot on the ground while getting weighed. Also a cleaver is excellent.—EDITOR.

Question—DEAR EDITOR: What shall I do? The boys bother me so I cannot study.—MARGUERITE.

Answer—DEAR MARGUERITE: Give them the icy glare and if that fails try an axe.—EDITOR.

Question—DEAR EDITOR: I am so thin that I have to stand three times in the same place to cast a shadow. What do you advise? I cannot eat grape-nuts.—LEE.

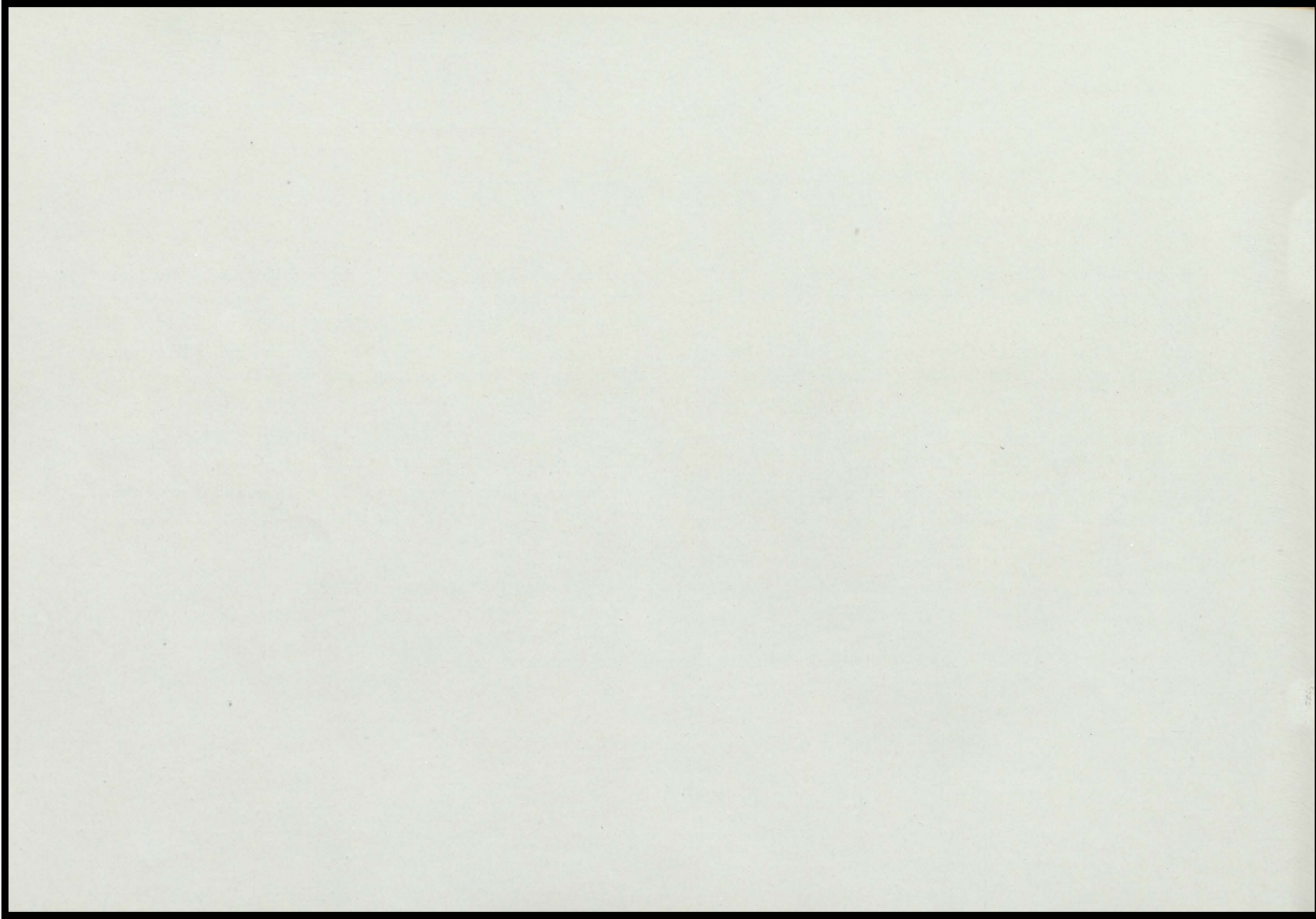
Answer—MY DEAR LEE: Try Force instead. Mix with a little glue and it will stick to your ribs.—EDITOR.

Question—DEAR EDITOR: Do you think it wise to start life on a dairy farm?—CONSTANCE.

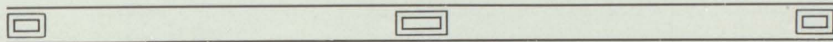
Answer—DEAR CONSTANCE: Yes; if you are sure the cows won't mistake you for the alfalfa.—EDITOR.

Question—DEAR EDITOR: How can I remove my freckles?—LILLIAN.

Answer—MY DEAR LILLIAN: Bathe them in undiluted H N O₃ and then give them a little treatment with roof paint.—EDITOR.



Advertisements *of* Our
Friends and Patrons

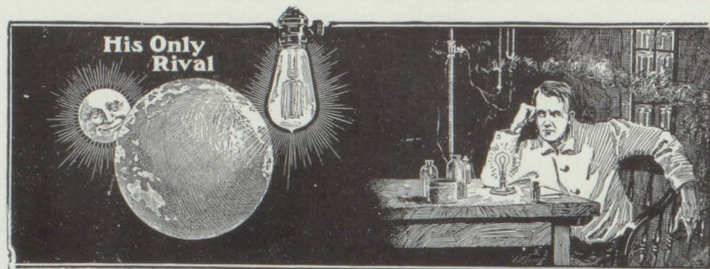


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Agent for

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Your Satisfaction

Is the goal for which we strive. Unless you are satisfied, the mutual idea of our organization suffers—and, of course, we cannot afford to injure ourselves; therefore we must please you.

You have a voice in the conduct of our business—your criticisms or suggestions are welcome. Our store is the supply point and you are the demand point. In every department of our store you will find fresh, clean and seasonable merchandise, worth every penny we ask.

To our neighbors, the good people of Winslow and vicinity, we say, may we merit your esteem and good will? We are your friends.

To the tourist and visitor we extend a hearty welcome, and ask you to make our store your headquarters when you come to Winslow.

Babbitt Bros. Mercantile Co.

*Navajo Blankets
Hopi Pottery*

EIGHTEEN YEARS IN WINSLOW

*Pima Baskets and Placques
Tourist Outfitters*

H. B. Takken & Company

SHOES and GENTS' FURNISHINGS

214 KINSLEY AVENUE

Winslow Home
of
BLACK CAT HOSIERY

All the Latest Styles
in
LADIES' BOOTS AND PUMPS

Headquarters for Automobile Tourists

Large Sample Rooms

Hotel Woods

COR. KINSLEY AVENUE AND FRONT STREET

Hot and Cold Water in all Rooms
Steam Heat

European Plan
An Entirely New Hotel

RATES \$1.00 UP

N. S. BLY, President
WM. H. DAGG, Vice-President

GEO. H. KEYES, Jr., Cashier
T. C. MONROE, Assistant Cashier

The Bank of Winslow

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$31,000.00

WINSLOW, ARIZONA

Directors

N. S. BLY WM. H. DAGG JOHN R. HULET E. E. BALL GEORGE H. KEYES, Jr.

The policy of the Officers and Directors of
The Bank of Winslow is to maintain its
reputation for Security and Progressive Con-
servatism. You will approve of the meth-
ods and courtesy observed by this bank.

Depository for—

CITY AND COUNTY
WELLS FARGO & COMPANY
U. S. POSTAL SAVINGS SYSTEM

Large enough to take care of your business

—Not too big to appreciate it

The City Meat Market

G. C. RICKEL & Co., Props.



WHOLESALE
AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS
POULTRY AND VEGETABLES
FISH AND OYSTERS
IN SEASON



HEADQUARTERS FOR LUNCH SPECIALTIES

214 KINSLEY AVENUE

PHONE 66

Winslow Drug Store

A. E. GILLARD (Frisky), *Proprietor*



Y o u r F a m i l y D r u g g i s t



ONLY SANITARY FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY
INDIVIDUAL NON-REFILLED CUPS

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Parke, Davis & Co.
Eli Lilly & Co.
Nyals Family Remedies
Palmers & Hoodnut's Perfumes
Piver Preparations

TRUSTED

We have filled 41,860 Prescriptions in Winslow, and never made a mistake. How's that for a record?

Chas. Cahn

General Merchandise

GROCERIES

HARDWARE

DRY GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Ready to Wear Department

W_m. H. Dagg

Wholesale and Retail General Merchandise

CARLOAD BUYERS OF ALL HEAVY SUPPLIES

Headquarters for NAVAJO RUGS and INDIAN CURIOS

Agency for Imperial Laundry
Albuquerque, N. M.

Newspapers and Magazines

Winslow News Store

T. Nielhammer, Proprietor

Stationery, Candies, Cigars and Tobaccos

Local View Post Cards

Modern Fiction

The Opening Strains of Sprints Symphony

Have found their echo in the harmonious and indescribably lovely styles we are showing.

Your favorite is sure to be among the wide variety of authoritative models and styles in our display of pretty Dress Goods, Hats, Hosiery, Coats, Dresses, Shoes and Gloves.

Cast away the "stranger feeling," come in and shop in our store; we have many pretty things to show you.

"That Man Behn"

R. G. BAZELL, M.D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office Hours: 10:00-12:00; 2:00-4:00

Phones 63A and 63B

P. D. SPRANKLE, M.D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Hours:
9:00-11:00; 1:00-3:00; 7:00-8:00

C. L. HATHAWAY, M.D.

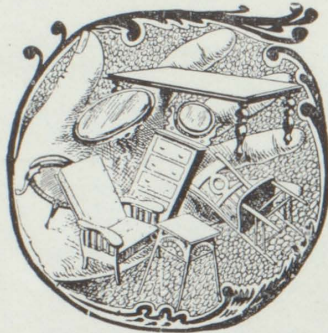
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Offices in Bradford Block

GEO. P. SAMPSON, M.D.

Offices in Elks Building

Hours:
10:00-12:00; 2:00-4:00; 7:00-8:00



Grasp the Opportunity

To possess yourselves of worth while furniture—whether for the parlor, the dining room, the bedroom or the kitchen.

WE FURNISH THE HOME COMPLETE

205-207-209
KINSLEY AVE.

Winslow Furniture Company

J. E. DUNN

General Contractor

Home Building My Specialty

I built the Thornton, Lamb and Cornelius residences, and over seventy-five others in Winslow.

Lumber Yard

The best photos in
this book were made by

MURPHY THE
PHOTOGRAPHER

Studio 320 Kinsley Avenue

W. H. BURBAGE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Practice in every Court

Offices

Navajo-Apache Bank Block

J. C. Amen

NEW AND SECOND HAND STORE

Furniture and Household Goods Bought and Sold

125 East Second Street

Phone 64

Nels Erickson

MERCHANT TAILOR

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and Alterations

Ladies' Work a Specialty

The Men's Shop

A Full Line of Up-to-Date

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

TAILORING A SPECIALTY

The Store Where Quality Tells and Price Sells

Official resident merchant of the International Tailoring Co.,
New York and Chicago, designers and makers of made to
measure clothes for men.

W. E. BECK & CO.

**Winslow Livery, Feed & Sales
Stables**

Coal and Hay delivered to any part of the city

CHARLES DAZE, Proprietor

The Utah Woolen Mills

From Producer to Consumer

Save from \$3.00 to \$10.00 per Suit

J. M. RUSSELL, Proprietor

West Second Street

Nick Dovas

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

SHOPS 300 KINSLEY AVENUE

Let us figure your building estimates

Cabinet work a specialty



The Winslow Telephone Co.

A. J. HENDERSON, Prop.

Satisfactory Home and Business Service

Long Distance Connections to all parts of Northern
Arizona

Nearly 300 phones in Winslow

Electric Theatre

Home of High Class

MOTION PICTURES

Daily Change of Program

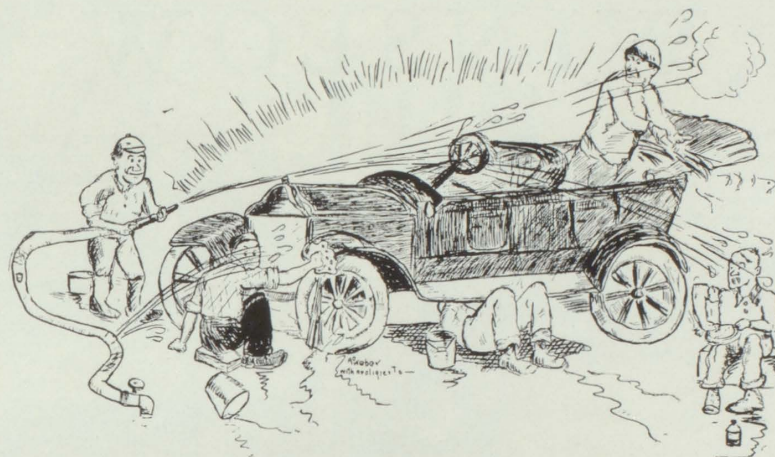
Paramount—Universal—Mutual—Features

P. B. KIDDOO, Prop.

Kiddoo's Garage

WINSLOW, ARIZONA

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STORAGE

FORD AGENCY

AUTO LIVERY

The Largest and Best Equipped Garage in the Southwest

N. S. BLY Mayor

City Council

A. E. GILLARD CHARLES DAZE
W. E. BECK CHARLES CAHN
CHAS. STODDARD

COME TO

WINSLOW

CHURCHES

Episcopal, Catholic, Methodist, Christian,
Christian Science, Baptist.

SCHOOLS

Three buildings. Complete system.
Twenty-four instructors. New High School.

CLIMATE

Mild winters, pleasant summers. Mean
annual temperature 60 degrees. Cool nights.
Sunshine 99 per cent.

INDUSTRIES

Farming, mining, stock raising, market
gardening, railroad work.

LODGES

Elks, Masons, Owls, Woodmen, Moose,
Maccabees, K. C., I. O. O. F., K. of P.,
Redmen and R. R. orders.

TRANSPORTATION

Only full passenger and freight division
point on main line of Santa Fe in Arizona.
Roundhouses, machine and car shops, Har-
vey House and reading room all under di-
rection of A., T. & S. F. Ry. Co.

The Metropolis of Northern Arizona

POPULATION 4325

SURROUNDING COUNTRY 15,000

ALTITUDE 4848

MOST HEALTHFUL CLIMATE IN AMERICA

F. N. DUNHAM City Marshal
CHARLES HARPE Assistant Marshal
WILLIAM CROZIER City Clerk
A. Y. MOORE City Attorney
THEODORE SHUFLIN Street Commissioner
A. H. HANSEN Police Judge

IMPROVEMENTS

Modern drainage and sewer system.
Pure mountain water
Electric lights.
Ice plant.
Modern stores
Beautiful residence sections.

SCENIC ATTRACTIONS

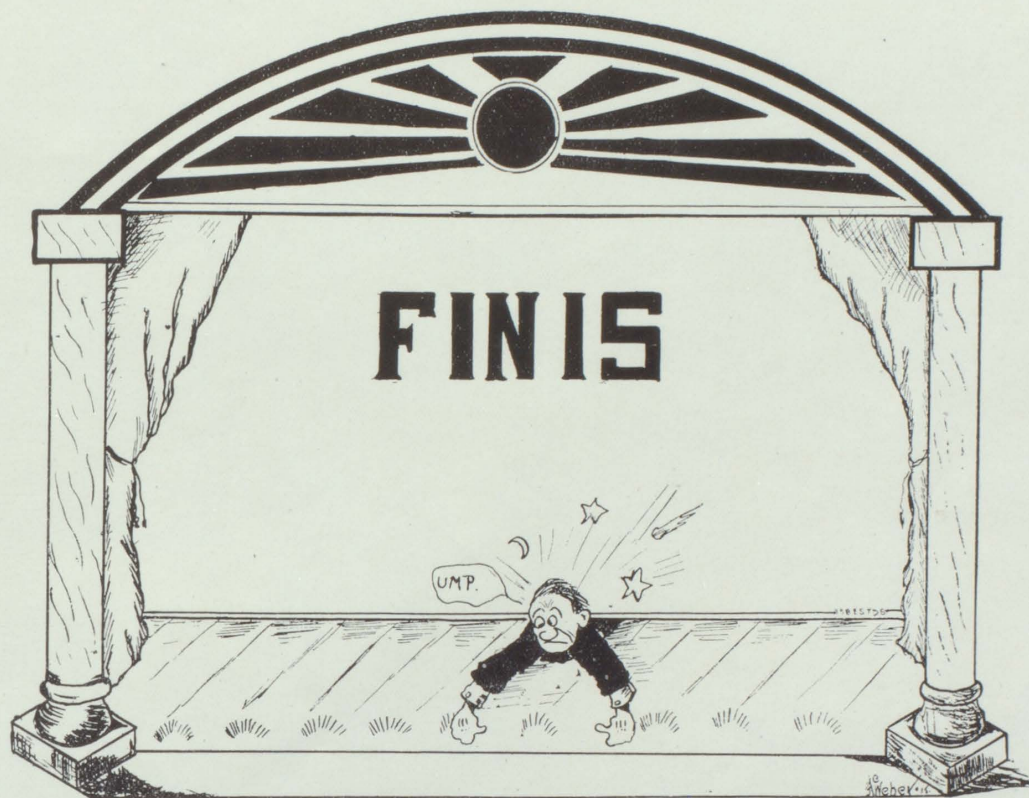
Petrified Forests . . . 40 miles
Sunset Pass . . . 19 miles
Giants Punchbowl . . . 2 miles
Canyon Diablo . . . 18 miles
Snake Dance . . . 60 miles
Grand Canyon . . . 110 miles overland
Painted Desert . . . Adjacent
Chevelon Canyon . . . 10 miles
Meteor Mine . . . 20 miles

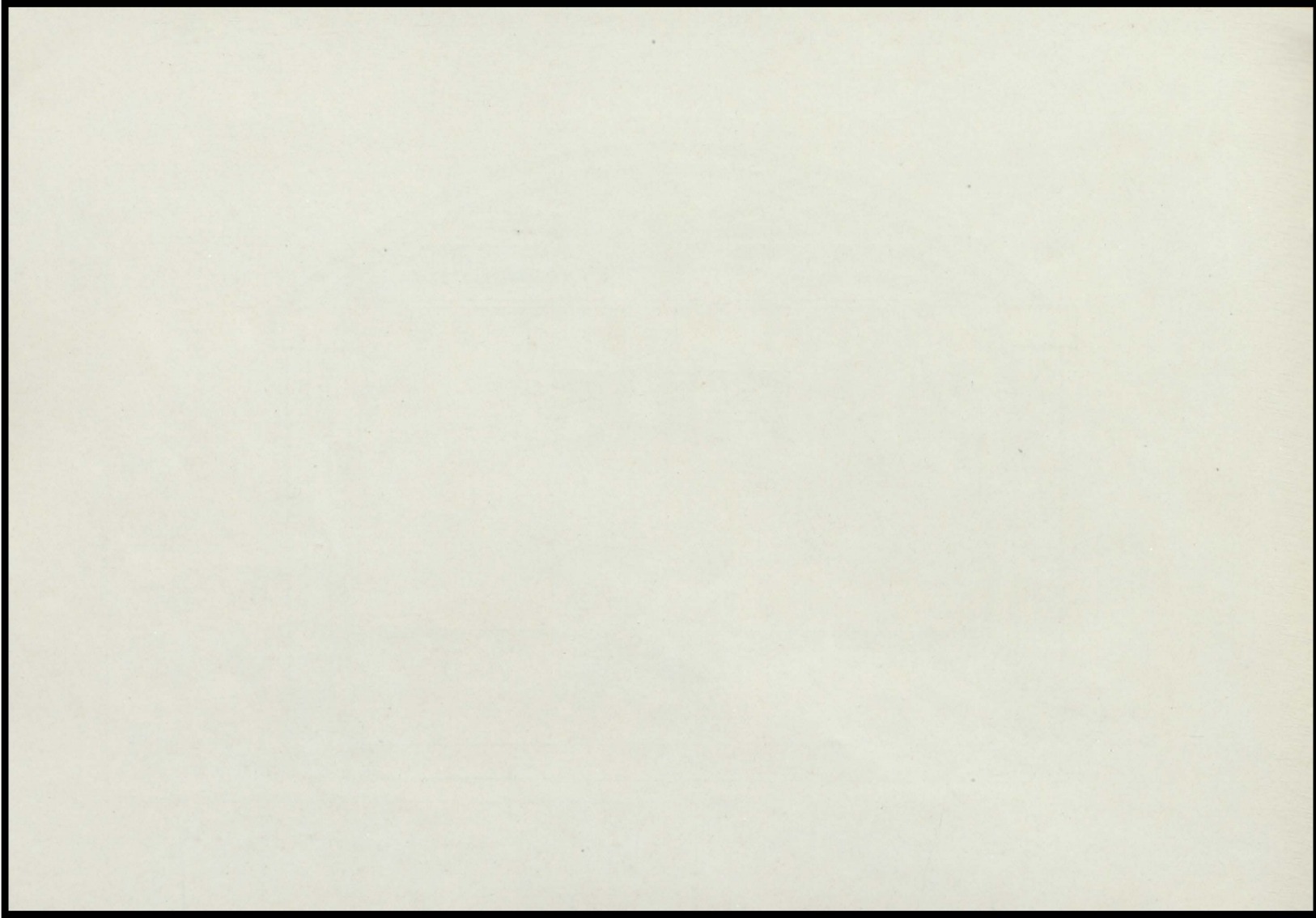
HUNTING

Deer, wild turkey, bear, lion and small
game, with splendid fishing in adjacent
streams.

VALUATION

\$6,000,000.00





EXPERT PRESCRIPTION WORK

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

The Kelley Drug Co.

Retail Druggists

ELKS BUILDING

Drugs Chemicals Patent Medicines Toilet Articles Rubber Goods Gifts Ansco Comeras
Kodak Supplies Cigars Candy and Delicious Soda Water

WE ALSO CARRY A FULL LINE OF MEDICINES FOR HORSES, DOGS AND OTHER DOMESTIC ANIMALS

